

GROWING PAINS  
IN  
JOHNNY CAKE HOLLOW

by  
Albert J. Paulus

*With anecdotes from his Sisters and Brothers*

*Published by the Paulus Family*

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AS YOU READ

When we were young and full of life  
Our every day brought something new,  
Now those happenings come to mind  
And take us back in fresh review.

Thus like that Golden Book of books  
Which traces journeys toward the Grail,  
This book bears memories from our lives  
Unhampered by exact detail.

So as you read these tales of ours  
From which our later lives have sprung,  
Pray give your thoughts the freest rein  
Relive happenings when you were young.

A.J.P.  
12-71

## PREFACE

In the spring of 1900, John and Clara Paulus with their six children moved to a newly purchased ninety-acre farm in Johnny Cake Hollow, Randolph Township, Portage County, Ohio.

According to tradition the name of the place originated when a traveler on foot was snowbound. The family who gave him shelter had only cornbread (known as Johnny Cake) left to eat. Thus this traveler gave the locality its name. Likewise, Breakneck Creek, which flows through the Hollow, was named by a settler whose off-ox suffered a broken neck in crossing.

In earlier days a dam in the creek provided water power for a saw mill, a grist mill, and other small operations. Traces of the feeder stream are still evident. The creek provides the outlet for Congress Lake near Canton and empties into the Cuyahoga River near Kent. By the time our family arrived the mills were gone but there was still a grocery and a jewelry store at the crossroads near the one-room school. St. Peter's Church which we attended was about a mile up the road to the north.

At the beginning of our second year on the farm Clarence, the seventh child, was born. Six weeks later Father was killed by a falling tree while clearing some land to enlarge one of the fields. Mother, capable and brave, held the family together in spite of suggestions to the contrary from well-meaning relatives and friends. On the next two pages Gertrude, then seventeen, recalls a bit of early family history and then she and Edward, nearing five at the time, give their impressions of the death of our father.

This book relates selected experiences which left their impressions on the children as the family grew up together during a period of about eighteen years. The six children who are still alive have all shared in bringing together these recollections for later family generations and others who may have an interest in family histories.

This story began many years ago when I was pressured by our own children with that familiar plea, "Tell us a story about when you were a boy!" Actual writing started with my retirement about

six years ago. Soon I learned that such an undertaking requires much time plus an attitude of helpfulness on the part of many people.

Now it is time to say "Thank You", especially to those within the family who encouraged this undertaking and to Mrs. Elizabeth Love, secretary in the Department of Agricultural Education at the University of Tennessee, who faithfully typed the scattered pages that made up the first draft. Also my appreciation to my sisters, Gertrude and Mary, and brothers, Ernest, Edward, and Clarence, for examining the early draft and suggesting additional anecdotes, to the members of the various family branches for listing their five generations, and to those who furnished pictures.

My special thanks to my wife, Ella, for editing the final manuscript, to my son Thomas and his wife Sue for the final typing, to my son James for preparing the map of the Hollow area, to his wife Sue for help in organizing the material, and to my daughter Sister Mary Albertine for the cover design and for the duplication and binding of the manuscript. I am deeply grateful to the Administration of Edgecliff College for permitting Sister Albertine the use of their duplicating equipment.

I trust that our joint efforts to permanently record this segment of family heritage will bring joy and understanding to our children, grandchildren, relatives, and friends. It is a pleasure to present *Growing Pains in Johnny Cake Hollow*.

Albert J. Paulus

December 1971

## "I Remember"

I remember living on what later became the home of the Uncle John L. May family. At six years of age I walked across the fields to Grandma May's and went to school across the road from her home. My Aunt Frona went with me the first day because I was too afraid to go alone. She told me to just say me ABC's and come home.

When I was about eight we moved to a farm south of Suffield Center. Ernie and I went to school at St. Joseph. It was so far that part of the time I stayed with Uncle Lewis and Aunt Mary Knapp who lived near the school. Grace and Albert were born while we lived on this farm and it was my work to help care for them.

Our next home was on a small farm between Suffield and St. Joseph. Edward and Mary were born while we lived there. I remember we bought an organ and I began to take lessons. Four years later we moved to Johnny Cake Hollow. I remember moving. I rode on the wagon with Grandpa Paulus while Ernie helped chase the cattle down the road to the new farm. That next year Clarence was born.

On the morning of March 7, 1901, our father and Dan Palmer, a neighbor, went to the woods to cut firewood. Later in the morning when we were all in the kitchen and sitting room, we heard a knock at the door. I opened it and there stood Dan Palmer. He said, "A tree fell on Mr. Paulus and I think he was killed." Mother said, "Children, Pray!" Then she added, "Gertie, get your boots and shawl." I went as quickly as I could but the snow was so deep in places that I fell several times. When I got there Father's head was lying across the tree and there was blood on the snow. I was alone with him and so afraid. I did not know what to do, but soon a sled and two horses came bringing George Horning, another neighbor. He had come to get Pa and me. On the way home I held his head in my lap. We put his body on planks in the parlor and waited for the undertaker.

Mother was not able to go to the funeral. She stayed with Baby Clarence, then six weeks old. Some of the others and I rode with Uncle Henry and Aunt Ella. Our grandparents, uncles, aunts and neighbors were very good to us for a long time and helped us in many ways.

Gertrude Paulus

July 1971

## Death on the Farm

It was rather a cold Thursday, this 7th day of March, 1901, when John Paulus, father of seven children ranging from six weeks to seventeen years of age, left the house to work in the woods. He was accompanied by Dan Palmer, a young man who lived nearby. There was nothing unusual about the departure as the providing of firewood for the stoves in the farm house was a routine chore.

I was sitting in the kitchen and Grace, my ten year old sister, was peeling potatoes for the noon meal when Dan Palmer came running to the back door with the grim announcement, "John has been killed." Gertrude, my oldest sister, was in her coat and off on foot at once. Her later report indicated that death was instantaneous and the only movement she could discern was a slight reflex in the muscles.

George Horning, a neighbor about a quarter of a mile down the road was notified. He hastily hitched his team to a bobsled and brought the body to the house, where it was placed in the parlor on some rough planks supported by two sawhorses.

It was a strange and eerie feeling that I had as a four year old boy when I opened the parlor door and gazed upon the face of my father with his red mustache and healthy color, clad in rough work clothes.

At the funeral the following Saturday at St. Joseph's Church, Randolph, I was in the company of my Aunt Ella and Uncle Henry. They were very kind to me. I sat on the front seat of the surrey to and from the church and sat next to Uncle Henry at the dinner table after the services.

What perplexed me was the fact that the coffin was lowered into the ground with the body. I thought that only the body would be buried.

Jack Kiester, the undertaker, sent my mother a bill for forty dollars.

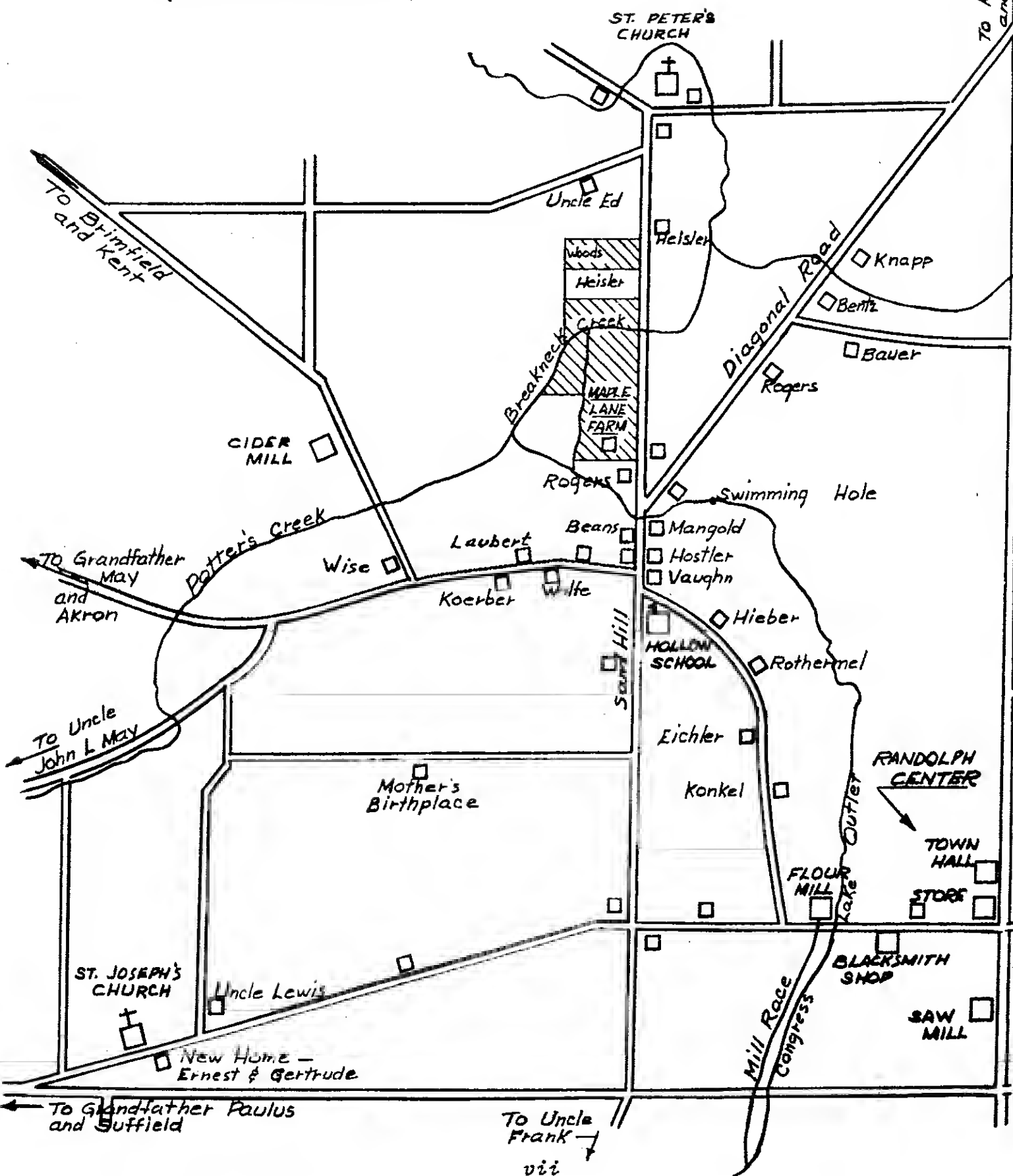
John Paulus was dead.

Edward J. Paulus

1968

# JOHNNY CAKE HOLLOW

(AS WE KNEW IT)



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## PART I. THE SETTING

### Maple Lane Farm

The Paulus home was located at the south end of the ninety-acre farm nearest the Hollow. The lane from the road to the house was up-grade. It was shaded by five maple and three cherry trees on one side and by the apple orchard on the other side. A bluegrass lawn, with clothesline posts at the far side and a clump of asparagus in one corner, sloped away from the house. The road, the bridge, and half a dozen neighbor houses were plainly visible from the front porch.

At the far end of the yard was the wood pile, the fireplace for heating kettles, and the smoke house smothered with hop vines. Beyond was the garden with blackberry, raspberry, currant, and gooseberry bushes around the edges. A long grape trellis ran down the center. The men (boys) did the rough work of fencing, plowing, and cultivating. The women planted, harvested, and tended the fruits and vegetables.

The orchard was well set with apple trees of such varieties as Early Harvester, Northern Spy, Nonpareil, Queen Ann, Seek-No-Further, Baldwin, Pippin, Rambo, Sweet, and even Ben Davis. There were also two pear trees. Green and purple plum trees and quince grew in the back yard.

The house was a long wooden structure with two front porches and one in the rear. Included under the same roof was a summer kitchen and a combination buggy and wood shed. The basement or cellar was used for storing potatoes, apples, canned fruit and vegetables, cured meats, and two or three barrels of apple cider or vinegar. The main floor of the house had a kitchen, pantry, sitting room, parlor, and one bedroom. The upstairs was divided into three bedrooms and a hall at the top of the stairs. Two wood stoves, one in the kitchen and one in the sitting room, provided the heat. The cook stove had a built in reservoir which held warm water for use as needed.

The barn, like all bank barns, was built on a slope. On the lower level were the stables for the cows and horses with the doors leading directly to the barnyard and straw stack. On the upper level were two center entrances with swing doors which were wide enough to drive in a wagon loaded with loose hay or bundles of wheat, oats, or corn stover brought from the fields. At the south end of this level were a hay mow and three bins for storing the grain. At the other end was a second hay mow. The stables below did not extend the full length of the barn so the floor of the north mow was raised about a yard to give sufficient height for storing the plow, harrows, drill, corn planter, mower, binder, and carry-all. The slate roof rested on hand-hewn tamarac rafters. It was tipped with three lightning rods. The vertical siding was painted red, trimmed in white. The sign "Maple Lane Farm" was placed on the end nearest the house.

The land was rolling to hilly. The creek meandered through the lowland pasture. Its many bends with willow trees along the bank and the lack of sufficient fall made any sizable rain a flood hazard. Frogs, snakes, turtles, and muskrats both vexed and entertained the growing boys. A ten-acre patch of hardwoods grew in the corner farthest from the house. At the edge of these woods was where our father met his death.

#### The Family Circle

*Mother*, except for a brief period of housework in East Akron before her marriage, had always lived on a farm and was well acquainted with the rewards and hardships, joys and difficulties of farm living. Nevertheless, she resolved to use the farm as the best place to bring up her children according to well established family standards.

*Gertrude* was then seventeen. When not in school she had spent her time helping Mother with work around the house and garden and taking care of the smaller children. Also, being the oldest, she had been Father's helper in the barn and field often enough to learn most of the common skills. She had a special interest in growing flowers and could give the exact layout of practically every home she had ever visited. From indications she was gifted for some phase of horticulture or home design.

When we began to manage without Father, Gertie's abilities and leadership in the house, barn, and fields provided the support which Mother needed. She had the strength, willingness, and know-how to cook, bake, wash, milk, pitch hay, set the hay fork, shock wheat, oil the windmill, or pick apples from a ladder as the occasion demanded.

*Ernest*, then thirteen, was an eager reader. While helping around the home and farm he had dreamed of the possibility of becoming a lawyer. He had an unusual memory for dates and details. With the sudden weight of responsibility falling on his young shoulders he redirected his thinking, reading, and energy to the operation of our farm. This dedication is illustrated time and again on the pages that follow. It can truthfully be said that almost over night he became the "man of the house." His only additional schooling was three short winters in the Hollow school. The five younger children attended the regular school term.

*Grace* was ten and fairly bubbling with energy. She was equally at home in the house, barn, or field. Soon she became a good milker, drove Kit on the one horse hay rake, picked berries, and lent a willing hand to many farm operations. She told us quite early that she would become a Sister.

*Albert* was seven and beginning to show an interest in things mechanical. Soon he became the repair man around the house and barn and also became interested in teaching animals. His least successful venture was his attempt to have a pair of cats wear harness and pull a wagon.

*Edward* was almost five and curious about many things. He, like Ernie, became a wide reader and passed along many a helpful incident on the brighter side of life.

*Mary*, not quite three, was more of the artistic temperament. Being younger she was less pressed with the problems of the day. She became studious and quite definite in her wishes and beliefs.

*Clarence* was but six weeks old. He was a healthy, happy baby and the center of family interest. At an early age he gave signs of being determined in what he wanted.

This was the family of children our mother knew so well. She resolved to hold us together, come what may. This she did, an

accomplishment for which we will be always grateful. After a year on this farm she knew that much of the soil was at a low stage of productivity, that the lowland was poorly drained and subject to flood, and that the debt on the farm would be a heavy burden. If Father had been spared likely he would have moved to a more promising farm. Mother was not in a position to make such a change. If she ever wavered in her decision to stay we were not aware of it. Such is the power of maternal love, courage, and faith.

#### Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins

When this story began to unfold our grandparents were living on farms about two miles apart and some three miles from our home. Three of their children had intermarried which accounts for our having eleven double first cousins. Most of the relatives still lived in the area.

Grandfather Joseph Paulus left Alsace Lorraine with his parents when he was about seventeen. They settled on a farm between St. Joseph and Suffield. His first wife died giving birth to her only child, Odelia. Later Grandfather married Eva Knapp. They bought a farm on the same road and erected a set of buildings that are still in use. On the slate roof of the bank barn one can easily read the date of construction, 1885. They had eight children.

Odelia, daughter of the first wife, married John Andes. They farmed in Suffield for a time, then moved to Canton where he became a factory worker. They had six children: Cora, Frank, Augusta, Alfred, Clotilda, and Adelaide.

John was the first child of grandfather's second marriage. He married Clara May and they became our parents. They farmed in Suffield, then in Johnny Cake Hollow. Their seven children, Gertrude, Ernest, Grace, Albert, Edward, Mary, and Clarence are the basis for this story.

Ludwig (Lewis) learned the carpenter's trade. Soon he moved to Denver, Colorado, where he married Adelaide (Ada) Platfoot and continued his construction work. They had no children.

Mary married John L. May (mother's brother) and is recorded with the May family.

Henry married Helen (Ella) May (mother's sister). They farmed the Grandfather Paulus place. Later this uncle did secretarial work for a lumber company in Ravenna and Akron where he also operated a bakery and a grocery store. They had two boys, Isidore and Francis.

Joseph was ordained a priest in the Cleveland diocese.

Frank married Mary Rothermel. They lived on their farm near Hartville and later changed to one near St. Joseph. They had eight children: Urban, Hildegard, Herman, Agnes, Joseph, Raymond, Robert, and Bernard.

Julia became Sister Roberta of the Notre Dame Order.

Grandfather John May married Mary Arehart. Both had migrated from Germany. He was both a carpenter and a tailor by trade. They bought a farm in Suffield where he erected a set of buildings which are still in good condition, especially the house. They had ten children:

Andrew remained a bachelor and spent his earning years operating a livery stable at Bedford near Cleveland. Later he bought the home farm but he always retained his interest in horses.

John L. married Mary Paulus (father's sister). They lived on their farm in Suffield about midway between their old homes. They had nine children: Fred, Cletus, Josephine, Maggie, Harry, Louis, Florence, Victoria, and Mary.

Clara married John Paulus (our parents) and is recorded with the Paulus family.

Mary married Lewis Knapp. They made their home on a farm next to the St. Joseph Church and cemetery. They seven children: Eugene, Clotilda, Beatrice, Hubert, John, Stella, and Raymond.

Abbie married Julius Bauer. They lived on a small farm next to her parents. He did not have long to live. They had one daughter, Esther.

Henry married Cathrine Marquard and soon moved to Denver, Colorado, where they operated a grocery store. They had two children: Ruth and Andrew.

Joseph married Elizabeth (Lizzie) Kline. They owned their farm a short distance east from his old home. They had three children: Agnes, Ralph, and Henry.

Helen married Henry Paulus (father's brother). See Paulus.

Edmund (Edd) married Veronica (Frona) Rothermel. They farmed near St. Peters Church and later moved to another farm about a mile west of the old May home. They had nine children: Herman, Carl, Robert, Gilbert, Walter, Marcella, Arthur, Alma, and Joseph.

Veronica (Frona) married John Wise. They farmed for a time near Kent, then moved into town for factory work. They had four children: Bernard, Thaddeas (Ted), Homer, and William.

As one would expect some of these relatives were closer to us than others. We barely knew those who moved out of the area. We visited those who lived within easy driving distance and they came to see us. Each helped us in their own way.

Uncle Henry and Aunt Ella shared our fun in coloring Easter eggs, sent us our first coasting sled, and brought us pleasure many other ways. Edward was especially attached to them.

We visited quite frequently with the John L. May family. Uncle John gave us the benefit of his skill as a carpenter. At family gatherings this Aunt Mary played the organ with vim while Uncle Henry Paulus led the singing with equal vigor. Uncle John's enthusiasm for card games, horseshoe pitching, and dancing was contagious.

In January 1910, Uncle John L. May had a sudden attack of appendicitis. Dr. Shuman Fulton was called to the farm home and decided that he must operate at once -- right there on the kitchen table. This he did and Uncle John miraculously recovered. He went about his business for many years. Dr. Fulton must have had faith in more ways than one.

#### Neighbors

From our front yard, as we looked down the road and across the Hollow bridge, we could see the homes of half a dozen neighbors. At least two of them were within calling distance. Most of our contacts with them were based on mutual helpfulness in time of need, work exchange, school activities, social visits, and children's play.

Across the road from the end of our lane was a small house on three or four acres of land. The occupants changed frequently but several of them played a part in the "specials" reported in Part VII. A short distance down the road lived the Palmers. Dan Palmer, a young

man in his twenties, was with our father when the falling tree ended his life. His was the sad duty of reporting the accident to our mother. The Clair Rogers lived there with their two children, Gladys and Ada, after the Palmers. For many years the Rogers kept an eye on us and proved to be very helpful neighbors.

Farther down the road and across the bridge lived the Philip Mangolds. They had four children of our age, Nina, Grace, Gertrude, and Wilson. They had geese that scared us on our way to school. Best of all, back in their pasture under a large tree was a most inviting swimming hole where the boys gathered every warm Sunday afternoon.

Next came Myron Beans, the village spokesman on many subjects. His son Ford was about the age of Grace and went to school with us. In the next house lived Charlie Hostler who worked for his neighbors by the day and distributed local news as he went. Across the road from the Hostlers and their family problems lived the George Hornings whose younger children, Sadie and George Jr., were our school mates.

On the road leading west from the Hollow lived the Wolfe and Laubert families with whom we exchanged help in threshing. The Laubert's land joined ours so we had frequent line-fence and other contacts. Mervin Wolfe, Paul, Bessie, and Irene Laubert were in school with us. To the southeast past the school house the Hieber brothers lived with their mother. John and Willie Hieber had a small farm and did outside work; frequently they helped us at harvest time. They had a pleasant and helpful influence on life in the community.

Farther up the same road lived Adam and Eve Eichler. Adam was a painter and when his boys (five of them) got big enough to tend the farm, he returned to painting houses and barns in the neighborhood. Claude and Clem were our classmates. Next came the Konkels, another big family. Henry, the father, was the only one of our neighbors who always sat erect on the wagon seat, a habit which we tried to copy. Although a mile or more away, we always exchanged help for threshing and silo filling with the Eichlers and the Konkels. Clifford, Arthur, Joseph, Sylvester, Grace, John, Alice, Bertha and Francis Konkell were in school with us.

Half a mile to the north lived the Joe Heisler family whose land bordered ours. Their youngest son, Vernon, often worked in the fields next to ours. From morning until night, with brief time out to talk "plainly" to his team, he would whistle the many tunes he heard at the dance hall on Saturday nights--and how that boy could whistle! It was too clear and rhythmic to become the least bit tiring no matter how long we heard it. From the dances he also brought news of local events and social gossip. He, too, influenced our development.

Birthday and seasonal parties, school plays and programs, church festivals, and informal get-togethers to play cards or just eat apples and talk, completed the means for keeping touch with our neighbors.

#### The University of Johnny Cake

The local one-room school house was built on a pie-shaped lot with the Sand Hill road for the crust, another down one side, and a field on the third side. It was a wooden frame building painted white with a belfry and long-range bell. It had three large windows on each side and two at the back. On the front were two doors. There was a coal shed at the back and two well worn paths each leading to a building as far away as the width of the lot would permit. Before school opened in the fall, the lot was mowed leaving sturdy stubble to worry and frequently puncture bare feet.

The teacher's desk and chair were placed on a platform at the front of the room facing the pupils. At his back and to his right and left were three long blackboards. Behind him hung the bell rope. The pupils expected and respected that bell. A sizable pot-bellied stove, fired by the teacher, was centered between the teacher's desk and the front row of seats.

Drinking water was carried from the nearest farm house and served in a dipper with a bend in its long handle to hook on the rim of the bucket. Getting water, like erasing the board, was considered a privilege, especially during school hours.

The teacher divided the day among the different subjects in the eight grades. The classes were called to the front of the room for recitations providing both a preview and review for all in the room. A book case in the back corner served as library. Desks



were both single and double and showed evidence of skill with a pocket knife in earlier students.

Then, as now, recess was a favorite subject and usually the teacher played with us. If we could find a ball and a board for a bat we would play Two-old-cat, Scrub, Roundtown, Longball, or Andy-over the school house. For running games we had Old moss, Prisoner's base, or Cross tag. In winter, coasting and skating, or just playing on the ice covered ponds came first. Snowmen, forts, and snowballing were common.

Singing came most every day. The teacher would write the words of a new song on a side board and sing it for us several times. By the time the board was needed for some other purpose we usually knew the words. A book with ink written copies of twenty-seven of the songs is still in the family. Many of the songs are now being sung by our children and their children.

The age span of the pupils was very wide, ranging from beginners to those near their twenties who came for a few months in the winter. Behavior was seldom a problem, though the teachers could and sometimes would "get tough." One case was a straight knock down and tightening at the throat until better behavior was promised. It was all done very quietly and the result lasted for a long time. To insure results the victim had to study geography lying on his back. On another day, two boys with all four feet in the aisle between their seats were having a real closeup conversation when an eraser lit on one of the heads and scattered chalk dust. The teacher who had heaved it from many feet away looked at the startled boy and said, "Yes, that was meant for you." The teacher was a lady and a south paw at that.

Later when school consolidation took over, the beloved old building was sold and used for storing apples. Though just a one-room rural school with all its proclaimed shortcomings, it was so basic that to us it was and still is the "University of Johnny Cake."

# Teachers at the Johnny Cake Hollow School

1900 Spring	Fanny Parsons
1900-01	Dudley Douthitt
1901-02	Doc Davis
1902-03	Doc Davis, then Paul Price
1903-04	Lula M. Axe
1904-05	Dothea Wolfe
1905-06	J. Cleve Fry
1906-07	J. Cleve Fry
1907-08	Mr. & Mrs. Serby (room divided)
1908-09	Frederick Houck, then Mary Brockett
1909-10	Myrtle Miller
1910-11	Alice Rogers
1911-12	Redmond
1912-13	Alice Knapp
1913-14	Alice Knapp
1914-15	Alice Knapp
1915-16	Mary Riedinger
1916-17	
1917-18	Edward Paulus
1918-19	Mary Paulus
1919-20	Bernice Cook
1920-21	School closed. Children taken to Randolph.
1921-22	Edward Paulus
1922-23	Susie Faylor

## Enrollment 1906-07

J. Cleve Fry, Teacher

### Boys

Bauer, Emmet	Huth, Richard	Konkel, Joseph
Beans, Ford	Koerber, Henry	Konkel, Sylvester
Bebbe, Joseph	Kline, Johnny	Laubert, Paul
Bentz, Bennie	Kline, Tommy	Luli, George
Dussel, August	Knapp, Oscar	Paulus, Albert
Eichler, Claude	Knapp, Robert	Paulus, Edward
Eichler, Clem	Konkel, Arthur	Rothermel, Richard
Foultz, Clifford	Konkel, John	Wise, Clem
Heisler, Vernon		

### Girls

Hostler, Lulu	Mangold, Nina	Rothermel, Esther
Koerber, Bertha	Paulus, Grace	Rummel, Bessie
Konkel, Grace	Paulus, Mary	Scalone, Alice
Laubert, Bessie	Rogers, Ada	Wise, Anna
Mangold, Grace	Rogers, Gladys	Wise, Mary

## St. Peter's Church

St. Peter's Church was a white wooden structure built near farm houses and about one long mile to the north of Maple Lane Farm. The parish house was next to the Church and the cemetery was in the back.

Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith was the pastor of this small and strictly rural parish. He was born in Ohio of Swiss ancestry and was 74 years old when he came to St. Peter's in 1901. At that time he had been a priest for 47 years. To compensate for the lack of a parochial school, he taught the children their religion every Saturday morning from nine to twelve and for an hour on Sunday afternoon before Vespers and Benediction. During cold weather he moved the Saturday instruction into the parish house.

In addition to religion we got a liberal education on the winning of the West. Seldom did he get us together without drawing on his eleven years experience as chaplain in the U. S. Army in the Northwest, many of them spent with the Flat Head Indians. Wearing a worn cape that he had made from the pelts of at least a dozen different animals, he held us spell-bound as he slowly paced back and forth before us. He could and frequently did put the fear of the Lord and of the law in us. He had ready a short leather strap with a double knot on one end just to keep our minds on our business. One day we were helping trim the palms for Palm Sunday. One boy's efforts brought the comment, "Your knife is so dull you could ride on it." Then he added, "Every farm boy who doesn't carry a sharp knife should have a licking."

When no longer physically able to perform his duties at St. Peter's, he was transferred to St. Ann's Orphanage, Cleveland, Ohio. When he died at the age of 94 years he was buried near his old Ohio home which he had mentioned so frequently. With his usual preparedness his monument was waiting and his sermon was written. He had even had his grave dug and refilled years earlier to make the final digging easier. In Dungannon, Columbiana County, Ohio, stands a tall monument which reads, "Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, Chaplain, U. S. Army, retired."

This most practical and holy man and his successor, Rev. John McGoogan, whom he had sponsored from altar boy to priesthood, had both a stimulating and stabilizing influence on us during those formative years.

Father John McGoogan came to St. Peter's from St. Malachi's, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1909. His first move was to visit all of the families in the parish. Along with getting acquainted, he solicited funds for the purchase of an automobile. Although we were miles from the nearest hard-surfaced road, a car would provide seasonal transportation. He bought an EMF touring car built by Studebaker Brothers. Two of the more able families followed his example.

Father McGoogan loved music and handled his violin like a concert player. With his encouragement and help one of the Klein boys learned to play the church organ. Soon the Klein parents were singing in the choir. This progress called for a pipe organ and later a Delco system to provide lights for the church and rectory. Next came a steam heating system. Before long the men of the parish excavated under the church and built a parish ahll.

The fame of Father McGoogan's violin and the local orchestra he had developed drew people from beyond the parish to the festivals and dances held in the hall. In the meantime the church was painted and redecorated. All the Paulus boys took their turn serving Mass and for several years Albert and Clarence pumped the pipe organ for church services. Most of us can still hear the clear vibrant voice of Father McGoogan as he sang High Mass in little St. Peter's Church.

#### Fuel Supply

With the exception of a few chunks of coal left over from firing the steam engine for threshing and silo filling, our fuel was provided by two boys with an ax and a crosscut saw. The old saying "it made you warm twice" was quite true in our case. For cutting smaller pieces and especially the dried out ones, like old fence rails or boards, the bucksaw and saw buck were pressed into use.

Most of our firewood came from tree tops after the trunks had been taken to the sawmill. Cutting wood was a wintertime job. As a rule we took a team and sled and went to the woods or pasture

where the tree had been felled. After some trimming with the ax we sawed chunk after chunk of firewood length with as little handling and lifting as possible. When time to go home we loaded the cut chunks, picked up the lines, and were off. This plan was much better than walking and carrying ax, saw, sledge, and wedges, especially when the snow was deep. After watching saw filing a few times we learned to file our own saws and enjoyed the saving of money and time.

#### Sawbuck and Bucksaw

A sawbuck is a frame with a V-top used for holding firewood in place while sawing it into stove lengths. It is made by placing two X's about two feet apart on a center axle and bracing them with strips nailed to the lower end so as not to interfere with the sawing. We made ours of two by four inch pieces for the X's and four inch boards for the bracing. We found this very serviceable.

A bucksaw has a blade about two inches wide with saw teeth on one side. The wooden frame to hold the blade was kept under tension with a turn buckle. It was designed for one man using both hands. Ours had both cutter and raker teeth just like the crosscut timber saw, only smaller.

#### Farm Water Supply

Drinking water was drawn from the well in the front yard with a long handled iron pump. This hand-dug well was thirty feet deep and four feet in diameter. It was lined with cobble stones about the size of a man's head. At the bottom was an oaken tub at least a foot deep. The lower part of the well had been dug through quicksand which kept working its way into the well and into the leather valves of the pump. The tub caught the sand; every year it had to be cleaned out and the sand brought to the surface with a bucket and rope.

Over the well stood a windmill on a three-legged metal frame. It was about as high as the well was deep. When there was sufficient wind it pumped the water into a storage tank located above the buggy and wood shed. This system for storing water was installed by the former owner but did not prove satisfactory for us. The wind wheel with many metal blades and a large wind vane swiveled with the wind

on top of the frame. It was put "in gear" with a wire and spring which brought the wheel to a right angle with the vane and facing the wind.

One windy day in March the wire broke. For three days the wheel ran at full speed threatening to break loose and dig its way through the house roof. Finally, a neighbor climbed the ladder on the shaking frame and hooked the control lever with a stiff wire and pulled the wheel out of gear. All breathed easier.

The well also had its moments. It was covered with a three-cornered wooden plank platform corresponding to the frame of the windmill. One summer a full grown rabbit either found or dug a hole under the frame and managed to fall into the well. Sensitive noses over the water pitcher recognized something was wrong. To find and remove the cause meant a trip into the well, pulling out the soppy mess, and then taking turns on the pump handle to change completely the water in the well.

On another occasion, Albert climbed down into the well to check the condition of the pump and the depth of the quicksand in the tub at the bottom. As he held onto the pump pipe and stepped from stone to stone down the side, he suddenly discovered a vast cave behind the stones on which he was climbing. This quickly told him where the sand in the well had been coming from. Since the rounded stones had been laid without mortar, moving one would likely bring those above down on his head. Cautiously but speedily he headed up and out. That was the last trip into that well.

A second well, inside the barn, was lined with twenty-four inch clay tile. It was handy for watering the stock but the rubber suckers on the chain pump were so short-lived because of the quicksand that the well soon was closed and covered over.

A jug-shaped cistern about nine feet deep and six feet across caught the rain water from the south half of the house roof. It provided soft water for washing dishes, clothes, and for bathing. The chain pump appeared as a wooden box about twelve by fifteen inches square and a yard high. On one side near the top was a crank and on the adjoining side farther down was the spout. A wooden post four inches square with a two-inch hole bored through the center was fastened to the box at the top and extended almost to the bottom

of the cistern. An endless chain with rubber covered links every four feet was drawn up the tube, over a sprocket on the crank shaft, and then back to the cistern. At the turn of the crank the water was brought up the tube and flowed out the spout. For a shallow well or cistern this type of pump was efficient, easy to operate, and easy to keep in condition.

Another source of water for the stock was a round brick cistern and later one made of concrete to catch the water from the slate roof on the barn. The water flowed by gravity from the cisterns to the trough in the barnyard. Although the pipes were laid a yard or more underground, the water in them would freeze in extremely cold weather. Then we could either haul water from the creek or drive the stock to the creek. If necessary we chopped a hole in the ice so the animals could drink, one at a time. Such exposure, inconvenience, cold water, low consumption, and long time between drinks clearly showed that profitable dairying cannot be done that way, not even for one day. When dairying was expanded and more cold water was needed to cool the milk, a new well was drilled in the back yard.

Our first move to bring water into the house was a suction pump at the kitchen sink to draw water from the cistern. This improvement saved many steps and probably meant cleaner hands and faces. Well water had to wait for electricity to operate a pressure system. Even then cistern water was given a separate tank and piped to the kitchen and bathroom.

In the meantime there was a little house back of the corn crib which was seldom mentioned but often used. It was a three seater, one a junior size and set at a lower level. In the corner was a box for old issues of papers, magazines, and catalogs. Unless occupied, the door was always open. Once we replaced the building but kept the old seating arrangement.

Much has been said and written about this building which played such an important role in our country's development. Certainly it was a great improvement over taking to the bushes to answer the call from nature. Our new building had a concrete floor, trap door, and a roll of tissue on the wall in addition to the magazines and catalogs. There was also a can of wood ashes and a scoop to encourage its use.

With plenty of paper, regular use of ashes, and frequent cleaning through the trap door, sanitation and odors were no problem. In fact, the use of this building as a library frequently interfered with work schedules and with other patrons.

#### Refrigeration

During warm weather the coolest spot for dairy products, eggs, and other foods was the earthen floor in the cellar. At that time commercial cooling was done with ice. The ice was taken from the frozen lakes and stored in double-walled houses. Ice houses were a common sight around the lakes, some within six miles from our home.

For the benefit of those whose life span does not extend so far back this was the procedure: ice was cut into blocks about one by two feet and as thick as the freeze had made it. A special cutter drawn by a sharp shod horse or mule cut through the top half of the ice and a man completed the cutting with a saw. The cakes were then floated to an elevator and packed between layers of sawdust in the ice house. The supply had to last all year. It was taken out as needed for butchers, grocers, railroad cars, home ice boxes, etc.

#### Community Ice House

After considerable talk, a dozen or more farmers in the Hollow decided to have a community ice house. They located a building, a pond, and plenty of sawdust. When the ice was about ten inches thick they filled the house. We, the smaller ones, were coming home from school one bitter, cold afternoon and saw sled loads of ice blocks moving into the house. It was something new and pleasant to be able to go to the ice house in hot weather and get a block of coolness. Then, for some unknown reason, the ice no longer froze thick enough to warrant packing and the group disbanded.

#### Water Cooling

Along with our cellar floor we always had cold well water which was handy to cool milk. Sometimes we placed food in a covered bucket and, with twenty feet or so of rope, hung it in the well. This procedure was effective but inconvenient so we kept looking for something better.



### Iceless Refrigerator

While we were well aware of the cooling effect of evaporation, it hadn't occurred to us as a means for holding down the temperature of food. When the idea appeared in our reading matter it seemed only good sense to give it a trial.

First we built a wooden frame about sixteen inches square and a yard high. The solid top and bottom and three slatted shelves were fastened to four corner posts which were one inch square and extended several inches beyond the top and bottom. A separate frame was hinged to one side to serve as a door. The outside was covered with one piece of canvas which extended six or more inches at top and bottom. One side of the canvas cover was cut for the door opening.

When in operation, the whole unit was set into a pan of water and placed where there was a breeze. A second pan of water was set on top. The extended canvas folded into this water so it could serve as a wick. With both ends in water the canvas should be kept wet and, as the breeze picked up the moisture, the heat required for vaporization was taken from the inside. Results were less than we expected, partly because we failed to wash the canvas to remove the starch or sizing before tacking it to the frame. This oversight spoiled the wicking effect. For some reason we lost interest and never made the correction, probably because we turned our attention to the dumb waiter in the well.

### Dumb-Waiter

When the new well was drilled in the back yard we removed the pump from the old well in the front yard and used the pit for a dumb-waiter. The waiter was a ventilated box about fifteen by twenty-four inches and some forty inches high, with three shelves and a door. It was suspended on two ropes for raising and lowering. We built a little house on top for loading and unloading. Across the top of the house we placed a three-inch roller to serve as a drum for the ropes. On the front side was a door to provide access to the shelves. With a crank and a stop at one end of the roller, one could easily lower the waiter to any desired depth, even to the water level of the old

well. After a bit of testing, adjusting, and adding a gable roof, we were ready for inspection. The women folks blessed our efforts and enjoyed using this cooler until electricity was provided on the farm with a 110-volt home plant.

#### Family Food Supply

We grew our own food with the exception of such items as salt, sugar, coffee, tea, rice, and spices. It was customary to trade butter and eggs for these items at the local store, usually in Randolph.

During the growing season fresh fruits and vegetables were brought from the garden, orchard, and fields. In the winter we got these items out of home storage with the exception of vegetable oysters which could be pulled in the garden whenever the ground wasn't frozen. Potatoes, apples, canned goods, certain meats, eggs, and dairy products were stored in the cellar; hams, after curing and smoking, were hung in the granary; onions, nuts, applebutter, and lard were kept on shelves upstairs; cabbage and Ben Davis apples were buried in a shallow trench in the garden and covered with a layer of straw and soil. Before storing all products were carefully sorted. Some were given extensive processing which called for total family cooperation. The following accounts give brief descriptions of such activities.

#### Apple Harvest

Applebutter Day really started on the day before when the preparations included gathering the apples from the orchard, cleaning the oaken cider barrels and taking both to the local cider mill. Here the driver, when his turn came, shoveled the apples into an elevator chute which raised them to the grinder located above the press. At the press, two workmen with large wooden paddles spread the juicy pulp over a layer of cross-slats. The layer of slats was about two yards square and was covered with a piece of burlap large enough to fold in over the edges of the pulp and keep it from spreading beyond the slats. This burlap also served as a strainer for the apple juice. Thus layer upon layer of pulp and slats were stacked.

When the space under the press-block was filled, or a patron's load was finished, pressure was applied slowly from the top. As the juice was pressed from the pulp, it collected in a large pan and was carried by hose to the patron's barrels. During this slow squeezing process the next patron's load was being readied on another set of slats and burlap.

That evening the family peeled, cored, and quartered several bushels of ripe sweet apples to use for "fill" the next day. One ran the peeler while the others cored and trimmed.

Early the next morning (rain or shine) two or three iron kettles were hung from a wooden beam on two posts in the front yard. The kettles were filled with the fresh cider. A good fire was built under them and the cider was kept boiling vigorously until it reached the right concentration. Then this concentrated juice was dipped or poured into a large copper kettle. Slowly the raw sweet apples prepared the night before were added. For the next several hours the mixture was given a more gentle fire and constant stirring. The stirring was done with a wide, upright wooden paddle about two feet long. This paddle was fastened at right angle to a pole ten to twelve feet long so the one stirring could stand away from the heat.

When Mother considered the mixture done, we sometimes added sugar and spices before dipping the still boiling applebutter into clean gallon crocks. These were carried quickly to the porch before they got too hot to handle with bare hands. When cooled, the crocks were covered with several layers of newspaper held in place with a string tied around the rim. This provided our year's supply of delicious applebutter.

At this time our main winter supply of apples (Northern Spy, Seek-no-further, Baldwin) was still on the trees. These would be harvested within a few weeks, depending on frosts and the threat of freezing weather. Then, with our ladders and with a grain sack (corners tied) hung over one shoulder, we got busy picking the crop. All were placed in piles under the trees to wait sorting and storing. The best ones were stored in a bin in the cellar; the remaining ones were made into cider at the local cider mill.

Usually we had enough cider to fill two barrels and part of a third one. The full barrels were kept in the yard, blocked in place with the bungholes up and open. For a week or so fermentation products worked their way to the surface and out of the barrels. The partially filled barrel had been closed and placed in the cool cellar to slow down fermentation. A spigot had been inserted to draw out cider for drinking and for refilling the barrels as fermentation left space. When fermentation was over the bung was firmly driven in place and the barrels were stored on a rack in the cellar. The barrels needed no further attention except to watch for leaks and to gradually move some of the cider into the vinegar barrel.

Some of the fresh cider was heated to the boiling point and sealed in glass jars. In this way it kept the fresh flavor until opened. We always had plenty of cider and served it to the workers at threshing and silo-filling time and to men folks when we had company, but none of us developed any special liking for it. However, cider drinking had its champions. Our uncle told us of drawing twenty-two glasses before his customer said "enough."

#### Huckleberrying

In our part of the country huckleberries grew only in muck swamps. The owner of a swamp would permit people to pick for a share of their picking. Some owners charged a flat cash rate. Each year we made one or more trips to a swamp and picked a supply for fresh use and for canning. At this task the women in our family easily outpicked the male members.

A trip to a huckleberry swamp was a real experience. In the first place you would likely get lost. While trying to find where you were, you would almost certainly step into a watery hole far deeper than you expected. Such "lost ducks" and the gossipers filled the swamp with the most unexpected tales. You could listen in on almost any conversation at close range without being detected. Yes, huckleberries and huckleberrying is something no one should miss. While riding to and from the swamp we would invariably sing "Oh Hel, Oh Hel, Oh Helen, please be mine, etc."

### Maple Syrup Time

When the sap in the maple trees began to flow in early spring we usually visited the Meacham Maple Sugar Camp which was across the fields a mile or more to the east. Crossing the unfamiliar fields, fences, and ditches in the dark and mud was a memorable trip. It must have been the spirit of adventure that prompted us to make these visits on foot and in the dark.

The hard maples on the Meacham farm were tapped and a 2-3 gallon bucket hung on each metal spigot driven into a freshly bored hole about waist high. Once or twice a day the workers emptied the buckets into a tank on a sled drawn by horses. The sap was stored in an elevated tank with a pipe connection to the boiling vat. The vat, housed in a small shed, was about six inches deep, four feet wide and 15-30 feet long. It was supported on two parallel walls with the fire place at one end and chimney at the other. Outside the shed was a plentiful supply of firewood. Inside there were clouds of steam from the boiling sap. The sap, as it came from the trees, was brought in at one end of the vat and the concentrated syrup removed at the other. The syrup end of the vat had a separate compartment which could be tipped so that the hot finished product would flow directly into a can or jug for marketing. Occasionally the syrup was further concentrated into maple sugar. We often enjoyed the syrup and the sugar cakes but we never got to see the sugaring process in operation. It was a common social practice to give visitors to the camp a drink of hot syrup.

Usually we tapped the five soft maple trees in our lane. The results were not too successful because the sap was thin and the flow seldom strong. We used hollowed elderberry stalks for spigots and caught the sap in a crock resting on the ground. We boiled the sap to a light syrup on the kitchen stove and used it; however, the supply was meager and the extended boiling produced so much steam that it tended to loosen the ceiling paper. This certainly lessened the enthusiasm for home-made syrup.

### Sauerkraut Making

Every fall when cabbage was full grown we got out the wooden cutter with the slanting blade across the base and sliced up enough heads to fill a twenty-five gallon crock. In filling the crock, each thin layer of cut cabbage was sprinkled with salt and tamped firmly. After fermentation the kraut was ready for use either at once or months later. Sometimes it would have to be washed and slightly salted to correct stringiness. We considered sauerkraut a real delicacy especially when served with backbone, mashed potatoes, fresh pork, or the boiled end of a cured ham.

### Pickling Celery

Near our home was a large celery swamp. Celery, like huckleberries and onions, grew best in muck with a minimum of drainage.

One fall Ernie and Albert hitched old Charlie to the carryall and drove to the celery swamp about six miles away. It was their first experience in observing celery harvest. There were long, long rows of celery straight as a string. The celery had been banked with the muck for blanching, leaving something like twelve inches of leaves extending above the ridge. The horses wore muck shoes on their hind feed. The shoes were made of planks eight to ten inches square and were clamped to the hoofs.

A cutting knife suspended between two wheels and drawn by a horse cut the stalks and roots at the base of the ridge. Workers then lifted the bunches by the leaves, pulling off the outer stalks and loading the trimmed bunches into a wagon. Like Rachel, we followed the harvesters and picked up enough of the discarded stalks to fill several sacks. That night at home we all helped clean and pickle enough celery to last us for a year.

### Sorting and Sprouting

When winter came we banked the house with fresh sawdust to protect the produce stored in the cellar from freezing. Apples were kept in a bin and the spotted ones had to be removed frequently so that the spoilage would not spread. In this way we had fresh apples until spring. The cellar always seemed dark at

first but our eyes soon adjusted so we could see quite well. Occasionally rats were drawn to the food and we had to get out the steel traps.

Potato sorting and sprouting was perhaps the least popular of the cellar chores. For one reason, rotten potatoes have a most disagreeable odor. Then, too, handling potatoes leaves the hands rough for days.

#### Butchering Day

Most food preservation the family could handle, but butchering hogs for home use was a bit too inclusive and complicated for us to tackle without help. We soon learned how to shoot, bleed, scrape, remove internal organs and chill a hog carcass for market; but butchering for home use included all of these plus cutting, grinding, sausage making, and rendering the lard. Taking two or three fat hogs through this process always meant a long day. Cooling depended upon outside temperature, so butchering had to be done in cold weather, preferably with snow on the ground for greater cleanliness. Applebutter Day left us weary and probably with a headache from the heat, but Butchering Day always brought cold fingers and frequently a tummy-ache from eating too much fat meat when trusted with the grinding of parts already cooked.

In preparation for butchering we assembled and cleaned the three-legged scaffolds, set up the temporary platform and barrel for scalding and scraping, gathered scrapers, hooks, kettles, grinder, lard press, and firewood; sharpened the butcher knives on the grindstone, and made sure we had .22-long cartridges for the rifle.

At daylight the kettles were hung, filled with water for scalding, and a fire started under them. After we had finished the barn chores and had breakfast, Uncle Lewis and Aunt Mary Knapp, and possibly some other helpers, would arrive. After checking the weather, equipment, and fire, the men went to the hog pen. If all went well they soon had the first hog on the platform. Then the barrel was filled with hot water from the kettles and a handful of wood ashes added. Uncle's hand served as thermometer for the best scalding temperature.

After placing a meat hook on the under jaw, the back half of the hog was slid into the barrel and moved about in the hot water. After a few dips and turns it was drawn onto the platform and tried. If the hair still was tight it was dipped again; if loose, the hook was moved to the tendon on a back leg at the hock and the front half of the hog slid into the hot water. Scraping had to follow quickly and with vigor, pouring on hot water as needed to keep the surface wet. Any hair not loose enough to be removed with the scraper was shaved off with a butcher knife.

When cleaned, the carcass was hung on a three-legged scaffold suspended by the tendons in the hind legs just above the hoof. It was then given a final washing.

Next, the hog was split down the front and the intestines, stomach, bladder, heart, liver, and lungs taken out. The bladder, stomach, and intestines were placed in a tub for turning and cleaning; the heart, liver, and lungs were hung up to cool. Sometimes the bladder was blown up by the younger boys and used for a kick ball. While the first hog cooled, the next and next were brought to the same stage. When all were hung and cooling we would go to dinner which always included some fresh tenderloin.

After dinner work benches were set up (some outside and some inside) and the cutting started. The sides were separated by cutting and then sawing the ribs on each side of the backbone. The backbone strip was skinned and the fat removed. The sides were laid on a bench where the shoulders and hams were removed; then the rib plates were taken out and the sidemeat shaped into slabs for bacon. All trimmings and jowles were skinned, the fat was removed and the meat set aside to be ground for sausage.

While Uncle Lewis did all this cutting, another crew took the stomachs, bladders, and intestines out to the orchard where they used a stick to turn them inside out. Later these were washed, scraped over a board and used for sausage casings.

We usually made three kinds of sausage; one from uncooked meat, one from cooked meat (especially the bony parts), and one which included skins. After grinding and seasoning some of the



meat was stuffed into the prepared casings using the lard press and some of the meat was placed in crocks. The precooked sausage was given a further slow boiling in one of the kettles outdoors. The others were fried on the cook stove, curled into a crock and covered with lard.

While the sausage making was going on, a trusted member took the fat, which had been cut into inch squares, and rendered the lard. This required slow boiling to keep the fat from overflowing the kettle and starting a real fire. When the fat had separated from the connective tissues both were dipped into the press which strained out the hot lard and left the tissues in a dry round bale. The lard flowed into gallon crocks and was ready for storage. Part of the tissue, now crackling, was ground with the sausage. Little was wasted. Even the blood was caught, mixed with corn meal, and baked for the chickens.

A few selected pieces of meat were kept to eat fresh. The remaining meat was placed in a sugar brine (salt 10 lbs., brown sugar 3 lbs., and salt peter 3 oz.) where it could be used at any time. After three weeks in the sugar brine, the hams and shoulders were packed in rock salt and covered with water. Six weeks later this meat was moved to the smoke house. When nice and brown it was hung in the granary and used as needed. Some pieces remained until late the next summer. That was real country cured ham! For fresh meat during the summer, we depended on poultry and on an occasional Saturday visit from a Suffield butcher.

#### New Model Smoke House

When the old hop-covered smoke house in the corner of the front yard could no longer profit from our repairs, we selected a spot in the back yard and built a new one. In preparing for this project we learned from the *Ohio Farmer* and the *Farm Journal* that the old custom of building a fire of wood shavings, corn cobs, sawdust and hardwood directly under hams produced too much heat and caused the hams to drip. The suggested way was to have the fire on the outside and bring the smoke in through a stovepipe. This sounded good to us.

The smoke house we built measured about six by eight feet and seven feet high with a shed-type roof. The vertical siding and

the door were made of one-inch poplar boards from a log we had hauled to the sawmill. Since the boards were not planed, matched, nor completely dry, we covered the joints with a half-inch batten. Down the slope and about six feet from the building, we set an old heating stove. We ran the smoke pipe through a hole cut in the side of the building. We were happy with the results and also with the comments from visitors.

### Nutting

On our farm we had several hickory, butternut, and old chestnut trees, but they were not very productive. Grandfather Paulus had two enormous chestnut trees that produced nuts by the bushel. We were always invited to share in his harvest. Grandfather May had very productive hickory and walnut trees, and he always asked us to help gather the nuts and share his supply. In this way we had enough nuts to add a festive flavor to baked goods for special occasions and to permit the boys to make a few "unauthorized raids."

### Meals and Refreshments

As a family we were fortunate in having a wide variety of foods grown and processed on our own farm. As we look back we realize that none of us had heard of the Basic Seven of Good Nutrition, and yet our meals measured up very adequately to present day standards of healthy eating.

As a general rule we managed on our three meals a day without snacks except during the long, hot days of harvest time. Then we would enjoy a cold drink every time we brought a load of hay or grain to the barn. The cold drink would be water, lemonade, or ginger water ( a mixture of ginger, vinegar, sugar, and water). At times we carried water to the field in an earthen gallon jug with a corncob for a stopper. After only a few hours in a shady spot, ditch, or plow furrow, this drink took on a flavor we never completely forgot. Usually, when working in the fields and woods, we took Mother's advice, "Before you leave the house, better drink for the thirst that's coming." This advice really worked and became one habit several of us never cared to put aside.

Grains always had a place in our daily menu. Homegrown wheat and corn were supplemented by commercial cereals such as rolled oats, cornflakes, shredded wheat, grapenuts. Perhaps the corn made the most lasting impression on our memories. Yellow ground corn, cooked into a mush and served warm with sugar and milk, made a tasty dish on a cold night. By popular demand our cooks always managed to have leftover mush which they cooled, 'sliced', and fried for breakfast the following morning. This was served with butter and syrup. At other times yellow corn meal was used to make the famous Johnny Cake for which our hollow was named.

Meat was another daily item (with Friday exceptions) on our table. The supply was furnished from our own pork, smoked ham, beef, and poultry. Sometimes, when luck was with them, the boys pretended rare delight in eating frog legs, rabbit, turtle, and even woodchuck. However, our cooks frowned on these delicacies. In our case, chicken and dumplings was more than just a song. As the summer wore on and as our cured meat supply was down to salt pork and smoked ham, we depended more and more upon roosters and non-laying hens for meat and gravy. One thing was sure, such meat was always fresh. Edward now claims that early one morning during silo filling time, he decapitated six young roosters. Between seven and eleven o'clock Mother had dressed and cooked them and had them ready to serve for the noonday meal.

As we reminisce we become fully aware that we had many "Adventures in Eating," such as our famous Roast Pig dinner. One year, among several litters, there was one husky male piglet with a deformity which would have kept him from remaining in the herd until market time. Rather than call the Vet, who could have made the correction easily, we chose to have a roast pig dinner. It may have been a coincidence, but the bullet used in killing the animal penetrated a major blood vessel in the neck near the exact spot where bleeding is usually done. Thus, the bullet served two purposes.

After the men had done the dressing, the cooks carefully prepared and roasted the animal. They brought it to the table on a large platter to be carved there. Ernie, elected to do the carving, found himself quite unprepared for such an experience. He still hears about it. This was one dinner we all remember and enjoy reliving.

Mother and the girls became well known and quite famous for their baked goods: homemade bread (delicious with freshly churned butter), cinnamon, apple, or huckleberry kuchen, a variety of cakes and cookies, and apple, berry, mince, and pumpkin pies. Bread and kuchen were always baked on Saturday. Other baking was done throughout the week, usually every week.

We all liked our homegrown fruits in season (berries, cherries, melons, grapes, apples, pears, and plums) and also appreciated the stored apples and canned fruits. However, oranges and bananas always seemed to be "just a little bit better."

The women in our family were excellent gardeners. With the exception of plowing and harrowing the ground, the boys helped little in this area. About twenty vegetables were grown regularly and these provided an ever-changing variety for our meals. Various means of preservation and storage made a good assortment available throughout the year. Potatoes, cabbage, and onions were stored as gathered; corn and navy beans were dried in the sun before storing; carrots, tomatoes, cucumbers, green beans, limas, asparagus, beets, rhubarb, peppers, pumpkin, and squash were canned; lettuce, endive and vegetable oysters were used directly from the garden. Although each one of us had his favorite vegetables we were definitely encouraged to belong to the "Clean Plate Club" and eat whatever was served.

We always had a herd of dairy cows ranging in number from six to fifteen, so fresh milk, cream and butter were always available for our meals. Some of us drank milk regularly; the others alternated milk with tea or coffee. On special occasions, or whenever we had ice, snow, or hail we made ice cream and thoroughly enjoyed the treat. After we got our first cream separator, we all drank skim milk, but this novelty soon wore off.

Like the dairy herd, we always had a flock of poultry and, during most of the year, had an adequate supply of eggs. Usually there were enough extra to trade for sugar, salt, spices, etc. at one of the local stores. In our case, eggs served as a very satisfactory substitute for meat.

While our regular family meals were quite satisfying, we continued to reach out for new ideas. One Sunday morning Father Lindsmith encouraged his people to try boiling wheat grain for a whole

day and serving it with milk and sugar. At another time we tried a substitute for coffee made of well roasted bran that had been treated with molasses and other ingredients. These novelties were interesting to try but seldom lasted long. In addition to experimenting with food preparation, we also tried out the fireless cooker. Our experience with the iceless refrigerator was recorded earlier.

#### Fireless Cooker

At first the fireless cooker sounded like one of those "Believe-it-or-not" things, but after seeing some of the sketches and reading of the many advantages, we decided to make one. The idea was to bring a dish or kettle of food up to the boiling point in the usual way and then set it on a heated soapstone in a well insulated container to complete the cooking from its own heat. It was best suited for long and slowly cooked foods such as oatmeal, whole wheat, and some of the meats.

Our construction began with a wooden candy pail that had a lid and a capacity of two to three gallons. Using some tough unbleached muslin and lawn clippings for the insulation, we fashioned several inches of padding for the side, bottom, and lid leaving just enough open space in the center of the pail to hold the hot covered dish and hot soapstone. Carpet tacks held the padding in place and three screen door hooks did the same for the removable lid. This cooker proved quite satisfactory and was used for certain foods until more comfortable heat than a hot wood stove became available. To us it also had educational value and was a wonderful conversation piece.

#### The Dinner Bell

Mother and the girls gave so much of their time and energy to food preparation that it was important for us to be prompt at meal time. We did not carry a watch to the field and our telling time by the sun was not exactly accurate, so we depended on the always welcome sound of the family dinner bell. Even the team understood the meaning of this bell and frequently stopped with the first sound of it.

Our bell was atop a twelve foot chestnut post in the backyard along the path leading to the barn. The bell rope could be reached

from the back porch. The bell was at least a foot in diameter and quite heavy, as we learned when we had to replace the post.

### Clothing

Clothing a growing family has always been a major problem and certainly was for our family. Mother taught her girls to sew when they were still quite young. Together they made and repaired our clothing with the exception of Sunday suits and overcoats. The old White sewing machine was a much used piece of equipment. Remnants and scraps of material were used to make quilts and comforters. Worn pieces of cloth were torn into strips, sewed end-to-end, and rolled into balls ready for dyeing and making into braided rugs. For the boys needlecraft was limited to sewing on buttons and preparing material for the braided rugs.

Sunday clothes were given special care and limited wear. It may be of interest to mention that on these occasions the boys wore a "bosom shirt" (stiffly starched front and buttoned in the back) and knee britches until the age of twelve or fourteen. The girls also had their special dresses for Sunday wear and celebrations. Some items of clothing made a lasting impression on us, especially certain innovations used by the boys.

### Head Covering

We practically never left the house without a head cover. In winter we wore a cap with eartabs which could be pulled over the ears without removing the cap. In spring and fall we wore a discarded Sunday hat, cap, or flat brimmed felt hat that shielded the face and neck against sun and rain, and in summer we wore a straw hat with a wide brim.

The straw hat had a hard life. It was deluged with perspiration, frequently soaked with rain and given little consideration when not on the head. When the sun was really withering, we would line the hat with a large grape leaf. No wonder the poor thing seldom lasted all summer. When the "turtle type" hat came to the local store we thought heaven had come. This hat was shaped like a turtle shell, except bigger. The shell was about a foot wide and fifteen or more inches long. The metal cloth-covered head band was

fastened to a double arch. At the top where the arches crossed, the shell was fastened with one rivet. In use the shell served as an umbrella and was hard to control in even a slight breeze. Also it took a lot of repairing, but we kept one of these on hand for special days as long as they were available.

#### Footwear

Shoes were expensive and were always treated as a luxury. We had dress shoes for Sunday and gave them special care. We recall one occasion when a neighbor boy was visiting us on Sunday afternoon. He was wearing his Sunday shoes. Our activity led us to the barn and to admiring a colt. The young animal stepped on our visitor's foot. This accident brought the prompt remark, "For the foot I don't care--just so it didn't hurt my shoe."

In the summer our Sunday shoes felt hot and tight and were gladly removed for any minor reason. A slight shower was good excuse to remove our shoes and carry them home. In the winter the change from felt boots to Sunday shoes always meant cold feet. Whenever possible we went barefooted and liked it. When the weather was cold or the ground rough, we wore our work shoes. Old time leather boots were about out of use, but Ernie and Albert had to wear out a pair before being convinced of the need for a change. These boots had their good points but needed frequent oiling to keep them even partially waterproof, and it took the strength of an elephant to pull them on and off. Rubber boots were expensive and soon leaked but had to be worn for ditching and laying tile.

One year we came upon an ad for a new kind of shoe. It read, "Ideal for comfort and will last a lifetime." Soon we bought two pairs. The upper part of the shoe was made of leather with regular lacing; the sole which extended about an inch up the sides was made of light metal and equipped with cleats for traction; the heel was a block of wood fitted into the recession inside the shoe; and the inner sole was a mat of horse hair. These shoes didn't bend, were hard on the feet, and made a clattering sound when we walked. We wore them out, but for us one pair of "steel shoes" was quite enough.

### Straw Mattresses

In addition to making our own quilts and comforters, we also made our own mattresses. Each bed had a mattress cover made of strong unbleached muslin or ticking. These covers were cleaned and repaired and then filled with clean wheat straw. This was usually done on Threshing Day. Often the boys filled the mattresses so full that two would have trouble staying on the bed for the first few nights. Gradually the mattress leveled off and became quite flat by the time fresh straw was again available. These wheat straw mattresses made very good beds but frequent fluffing up and leveling off were necessary. This was another case of using what we had and liking it. Our one feather mattress was kept on Mother's bed.

### Soap Making

At butchering time some of the less desirable fat was saved for making soap. Lye was also needed for this process. We made most of the lye at home but also kept a few cans of "Babbitt's" lye on hand to use if needed. In making the lye a barrel was filled with bright wood ashes, a dipper of water poured over the ashes daily for several weeks, and the liquid which flowed out of the bottom of the barrel caught in a crock. A mixture of this lye and the fat formed a soft soap which was used for washing clothes. Some of the soap was white and some had a shade of brown. The white hardened sufficiently to be cut into blocks. Gertie says that the white soap came from using Babbitt's lye and the brown from the homemade lye.

### Home Remedies

Our nearest doctor lived in Randolph about two miles away. On rare occasions he was called to our house but usually home remedies met our health needs. In the winter colds were the common ailment and hot teas served at bedtime were the common remedy. The teas were made from pennyroyal, chestnut leaf, hops, sage, peppermint, or other native plants. Sage was usually served in hot milk and was cautiously sipped by the patient as he sat with his bare feet on the nickeled rim around the heating stove.



If a sore throat developed the neck was rubbed with fat (lard or chicken fat) and covered with a cloth dampened in kerosene. The fat helped prevent blistering. Some of the older and braver ones would swab their throat (on the inside mind you) with a chicken feather dipped in kerosene. If the cold went into the chest a mustard plaster was applied. Precautions were always taken to prevent blistering. Wearing a mustard plaster is a memorable experience. Some unknown victim expressed his feelings in this rhyme:

"How close and warm you lie upon my heart  
My heart which at your coming throbs the faster.  
But all things end and even we must part --  
Thank God, oh mustard plaster."

During the winter both our feet and hands were frequently exposed to extreme cold and to sudden temperature changes. Although we wore felt boots during the day we went about the house in the evening in our bare feet. This custom, combined with wearing dress shoes on Sundays, frequently led to foot trouble, perhaps chilblains. Feet and fingers that had been cold for some time would sting when warmed. Holding them in cold water or in snow which feels warm for a while was our way of bringing back normal circulation. If the stinging continued we daubed the sore joints with kerosene, again using a chicken feather as an applicator. This treatment usually brought relief.

One winter evening Albert's feet stung more than usual so he walked in his bare feet through several inches of slush to the chicken house and back. By then his feet felt normal again. That night the sloppy snow froze leaving the footprints very evident. The next morning Edward saw them and dashed back into the house shouting, "What kind of giant was in our back yard last night? I saw tracks of his big bare feet all over the place."

We would like to mention here that there never was a broken bone and almost no accidents requiring a doctor. One exception was Clarence losing the tip of one finger as a door was slammed shut by the wind.

In the early years of the twentieth century, door-to-door salesmen were well known even in the more remote rural areas. In our neighborhood the most popular one was "The Watkins' Man". We all looked forward to his periodic visits, partly because he was a friendly and good salesman, and partly because he always gave the children chewing gum. Then, too, we took kindly to his products. For chapped sore hands he had "Petrocarbo", a soothing salve that we all used but that Edward appreciated most; for sore muscles he had liniment; and for the cooks he had spices of all kinds.

On one occasion when the women in the neighborhood were comparing their use of Watkins' medicines the answers were one and two bottles per year. To this a consumer of six bottles quickly asked, "Have you no bellyaches at your house?"

We recall that pepper came in a sizeable can. One such can that was emptied at butchering time was soon put to another use. We punched a nail hole in the bottom and hung the can filled with water over the grindstone to provide a water drip. While one of us held a mower knife, ax, or butcher knife to the stone for sharpening and another one turned the crank we had time to study the label on the old pepper can. It was the standard Watkins' label and read:

"The highest quality  
The largest quantity  
The lowest price  
The neatest package  
The best delivery  
The fairest terms  
The squarest treatment  
The greatest uniformity  
The strictest integrity, and  
The broadest guaranty.

The above ten points of superiority make up the Watkins way and you will all agree it is a good way."

#### Wash Day

Farm life required considerable routine in the house as well as in the fields. For the women, Monday was wash day unless the lack of drying weather forced a delay. In winter washing was done in the kitchen and in summer on the back porch. Cistern water was used and it was pumped and carried in by the men. They partially filled a boiler on the kitchen stove, the stove reservoir, and two

rinse tubs on a bench. A third tub with hot water, soap, and a washboard rested on an old chair that had lost its backrest. The laundry sequence was rub, boil, rinse, wring, dry.

Clothes were always sorted. The white pieces were washed first; the better colored clothes were treated with considerable care; and the work clothes were given a thorough scrubbing. Clothes were hung out-of-doors on a wire line that was stretched along the edge of the front yard. Often temporary lines were stretched from trees to posts. In cold weather hanging clothes was quite painful, especially for one whose hands had been in the water. Frequently the men folks were invited to show their skill - or lack of it. The neighbors never failed to see the results and to make their comments.

When Edward earned his first money teaching school he bought his mother a hand-powered washing machine to replace the washboard. Then the men furnished the power and thus learned to more fully appreciate the meaning of washday.

#### The Weekend

The weekend activities were somewhat different from those carried out on other days. The men tried to finish their field and barn work a little earlier in the day so as to leave time for checking their tools and machinery. Also they made their plans for the coming week. With the exception of milking and feeding the livestock farm work was not done on Sundays.

The women were busy with baking, cleaning, and general preparations for Sunday. Bread, kuchen, and pies or cakes were baked. The Sunday meals were planned and partly prepared. The house was put in order and, when available, fresh flowers were cut and arranged. Sunday clothes were checked for any needed pressing.

At the close of the day, after the evening meal, baths were in order. In warm weather the men took care of this ritual in the creek; in cold weather they took their turns using the wooden washtub on the kitchen floor. Warm water from the stove reservoir was handy. This supply was supplemented with hot water from a large kettle on top of the stove. It was a simple process

to empty the bath water into a drain on the back porch and leave the tub ready for the next customer.

Sunday was observed as a holy day. Saint Peter's Church celebrated two Masses and our family usually attended both of them. In snowy weather we all rode in the bobsled. At other times three of us rode in the top buggy and the others walked the mile and a quarter to the church. Mother always rode.

After our Sunday dinner, which was always a special meal, we were free for extra sleep, rest, reading, or other recreation. Also Sunday was a day for visiting relatives and friends. We went to their homes or they came to see us. During hot weather the old swimming hole under the bridge in Mangold's pasture drew the boys from miles around. By Monday morning we were ready for another week.

## PART II PLANNING FARM OPERATIONS

Successful farming, then as now  
Was both a science and an art,  
The secret lay in having plans  
For everyone to play a part.

Planning the farm operations and getting the work done was an enormous undertaking for Mother. Gertie was seventeen and greatly needed to help care for the younger children. Ernie, the oldest boy, was thirteen. Hiring a man for the first two summers and gradually placing more responsibility on the children helped Mother gain confidence in the future. As we went along we became aware of the interdependence of soils, crops, livestock, machinery, labor etc. in farming and we tried to make use of these relationships in our own situation.

### The Cropping System

The common cropping practice in the area was a five-year rotation of corn-oats-wheat-clover-timothy, in that order. Some farmers followed a six year rotation by sowing an extra crop of wheat between the timothy and the corn. As mentioned earlier, Ernie was a regular reader of the *Farm Journal*, *Ohio Farmer*, and *Hoard's Dairyman*. He soon learned that a system of corn-wheat-clover would produce more and better feed, improve the soil through more frequent growth of legumes, reduce erosion by plowing but once in three years, and would keep a growing crop on the land practically full time. This system would support a larger dairy and would provide more manure to topdress the young wheat or to plow under for corn and potatoes. The biggest problems were getting a good stand of clover and controlling the weeds. The use of manure aggravated the weed problem.

### Livestock

When the boys grew older, the available labor made it possible to have an intensive enterprise. This became dairying. As the corn yield increased from the use of legumes, manure, and fertilizer, two

to four litters of pigs were grown and marketed. By saving two to four of the gilts and breeding them for spring farrowing, these sows and pigs could be pasture fed and marketed without competing for labor needed in winter dairying.

During the first years our dairying enterprise was limited to the pasture season and the milk was sold to a local cheese factory. Later we bought a cream separator and fed the skimmilk to calves and pigs. This was better than the cheese factory for total farm income but low cream prices were still a burden. Not until a market for whole milk became available could the dairy pay a profit for the labor it required.

With better milk prices came better cows, purebred bulls, better calves, a rearranged barn, a silo, and a home electric plant for lights and power for a milking machine. Dairying had come into its own. The cows spent the day on the lowland pasture where they had creek water and shade. At night they grazed on legume and grass pasture near the barn and at milking time were fed grain. During the winter they were fed silage, legume hay, and leaves from the corn stover.

During the earlier years we also tried raising sheep but the lack of proper fencing and the damage caused by dogs, worms, and insects closed the project after the first year.

#### Work Stock

During the eighteen years covered by these recollections, horses and mules provided the power for farm work. We started off with Hat and Charlie, a gray team in their upper teens. When we needed a third horse our Uncle John L. May helped us find and buy Kit. Later other horses were bought and colts were born. One mare fouled four mule colts. We even trained and used a pair of Holstein bulls for special work. We all recall many thrills, mishaps, and a few good scares in our dealings with the young work stock.

Hat was a kind old mare. She never got excited and always stayed in the furrow when plowing. She had a touch of heaves which shortened her breath. Once, when pulling a wagon with Charlie, she frightened her youthful drivers by falling down. Then, after a few

moments, she got up and went on as though nothing had happened. On another occasion Albert was using this same team while cultivating corn on a steep hill. When turning around the cultivator upset and Hat was thrown on her back with her four legs sticking up, unable to move. This time the harness had to be loosened before she could get up and go on.

Charlie was a good horse for boys but less conscientious than Hat about his work. At times he would refuse to pull his share of the load in spite of the driver's efforts and Hat's good example. He usually staged his objections at the foot of a hill, especially toward the end of a long day when we were already late coming home from the field or woods. It seemed to be his form of temper tantrum which we were never able to comprehend, much less to correct. One fall day we went to the woods and loaded the wagon with two cords of split firewood to take to market. After a feeble effort Charlie refused to pull. We had to unload practically all the wood, place the wagon heading down grade, and reload before we got started to market.

Kit, too, was approaching voting age. She was knee sprung, sway back, and had a tumor at the throatlatch the size of a large orange. But, like Hat, she had a heart of gold. Previously she had drawn a laundry wagon in a city. This probably accounted for her wobbly knees. However, even for Kit, enough was enough.

One cold morning we used her to help Hat and Charlie pull a sled loaded with a log up a steep bank. This went well. Then we tied Kit to a fence post while we tightened the chains that held the log to the sled. Without warning, she broke the strap and headed for home tearing off a corner of her blanket with every step and worrying Mother until we came along with the team and the log.

On another occasion she gave Edward a fast and scary ride from the farthest field to the barn. Another time it was Albert's turn for a thrill. He had Kit hitched to a cart and was driving down hill when she stumbled and turned a somersault, sending Albert and cart flying through the air. No one was hurt.

### Horse Blankets

Horse blankets were an important item. They were made of cotton and measured five to six feet square. They covered a horse from mane to tail and down the sides below the body line. The front end was held in place with a strap and buckle sewed to the blanket and buckled on the under side of the horse's neck. The back corners were tucked under the breeching of the harness. In extra cold weather two blankets were used, thus giving more protection to the horse and also a warm cover for the riders to use on their way home.

### Rope and Twine

In farm life rope and twine serve many helpful purposes. In addition to the clothes line, rope was used for halters, feed bags, lead ropes, and lariats. Twine was used to tie corn shocks and to hold machinery covers in place.

Fathers have always enjoyed teaching their boys the use of rope -- how to tie and untie knots and how to choose the right knot for a specific need. In our case, with Father gone, we had to learn about rope on our own. Fortunately we had a well illustrated bulletin that gave complete and detailed instructions. From it we learned to tie many different knots including the square, granny, weaver's, bowline, double half-hitch, miller's, and even the tom-fool and hangman's knots. Also we learned to make a usable short splice, long splice, crown knot, and rope halter. We learned that a good knot is easy to tie, doesn't slip, retains full strength of the rope, and is easy to untie.

Twine was bought in five pound balls for use in the grain binder but it was found to be useful in many other instances. Usually short pieces of it could be found in our pockets.

We truly enjoyed developing skill in our rope work and often held our own contests for speed. This pleasure was second only to skill in using a pocket knife.

### Fencing

When Father bought the farm, one of the strong claims made by the seller was that "The land is completely fenced." The garden, barnyard, and orchard were fenced with four-inch boards nailed to Oak or Chestnut posts. Considerable picket fencing was used on the



rest of the farm. It was built in place by stretching six or eight strands of smooth double wire properly spaced on the end posts. Using a special machine the strands of double wire were each twisted several times in one direction. Then the double wires were separated and a picket inserted. The process continued, this time twisting the wires in the opposite direction and sliding another picket into place. The pickets had been sawed or split from Chestnut, Oak, or Poplar wood. They were strong, a half-inch thick and two or more inches wide and were spaced about three inches apart. Their length determined the height of the fence. We recall seeing one of these fence-building machines in operation. It was a most interesting process. As the machine moved along, the finished sections were stapled to the previously set fence posts.

A new picket fence of this sort gave a trim appearance. However, in use several weakness became evident. The slats were easily broken, the posts could not withstand the pressure of a strong wind, the fence along the road caused snowdrifts, and in the lowland the fence caught and held floating trash in the times of high water.

Our policy soon became one of limiting fencing to fields actually pastured and gradually removing the fences no longer needed. When it became necessary for us to build new fences, we used barbed wire for cattle and woven wire for hogs.

Where fences are used gates are a must. Around the farmstead, gates were built to swing on hinges. Field gates were built with a rest at one end. The other end had to be carried for opening and closing.

The fence along one side of our orchard had an unusual construction. It was a board fence but the oak posts were set on stones instead of dug into the ground. The stones were about a foot square and twenty inches long. Each post was held in place by means of a half-inch metal pin set into the stone and extending into the lower end of the post. The post was braced with a second metal rod set into the stone near the other end and nailed to the post about twenty inches above the base. The construction made a solid unit of the stone and post. In use the stone was set into the ground so that only the top would show. After years of use, these posts were still good enough to be moved to another location for another period of service.

## Storage

As described earlier, our bank barn had space for a hay mow at each end and doors wide enough to drive in with a load of loose hay. Unloading the hay would have been a more tiring operation if some creative person had not found a way to use horse power for this lifting. The construction of the lift included a double metal track suspended from the peak of the barn and extending from one end to the other, a unit with four small wheels to run along the track, and a double harpoon fork. These were all connected and operated through a system of ropes and pulleys.

An inch rope was threaded through pulleys from the wheel unit to the fork on the wagon, back to the wheel unit, then to the far end of the mow, over the beam, and down to the floor by the barn doors. Here the rope went through another pulley and was tied (with a bowline knot) to a singletree to which a horse was hitched. Three people were needed for the unloading operation; one to set the fork on the load and, with a trip rope, release the hay from the fork into the mow and bring the fork back to the load, another to spread the hay in the mow, and a third to drive the horse.

With this method a large load of hay could be moved to the mow in a very short time. We were fortunate that this equipment was in the barn when Father bought the place.

Wheat and oats were cut with a grain binder and shocked in the field. When the bundles were dry they were hand-pitched onto a hay wagon and again into the barn mow. There they were packed in rows over the hay and on the second barn floor.

At grain threshing time the wheats, oats, and sometimes rye, were carried a few steps from the thresher to the granary. There the one bushel measuring box was emptied into bins. These bins had a loose board front so that boards could be added as the bin was filled. The straw was conveyed to the barnyard by the web carrier or blower on the thresher and was carefully stacked for use as bedding when the horses and cows were in the stable.

The corn crop was stored as silage, husked corn, and stover. About half of the crop was chopped and blown into the silo. For this

operation we hired the cutter and the power. The details of this activity appear later in this section. The other half of the corn crop was cut by hand and shocked in the field. Later, when husked, the ears were stored in a crib that had free access to air on all sides. At the this time the stover was tied into bundles, hauled from the field, and stored in the barn for winter feed.

The annual worry was to have the first killing frost hold off long enough for the corn to ripen. One year we had a late spring and early frost which left us with five acres of soft corn. We spread the ears as best we could to facilitate drying and fed them to the cows and hogs as rapidly as possible. Even so, more spoiled ears had to be thrown out than we care to recall.

In addition to storing crops, space was also needed for storing farm machinery and vehicles. Tilling, seeding, and harvesting implements were kept in the tool shed under the north hay mow. Wagons, racks, and occasionally a farm tool were stored on the barn floor. The top buggy was kept in the woodshed and the bobsled and hog gallows were slid under the summer kitchen. The boatsled was set on blocks near the barn and the grindstone stood in the backyard near the post for the dinner bell. We were always conscientious about keeping out machinery under cover when not in use.

### Threshing

The threshing operation (separating the grain from the straw) required special machinery that we did not own. In our area there were several threshing outfits that traveled from farm to farm during threshing season. Each outfit consisted of a threshing machine, steam engine, water tank, team of horses, and three men. The cost of this service was determined by the number of bushels threshed.

It took about nine more men to keep the work moving. To meet this situation, there was a general agreement among the neighbors who exchanged labor to come whenever the threshers were ready.

At our farm the bundles of wheat and oats were already stored in the barn. This meant that on threshing day we needed three or four men in the mow to pitch out the bundles, one to cut bands, one to carry the threshed grain to the storage bin, three on the straw stack, and the ever popular "water boy". The threshers fed the

bundles into the machine by hand, hauled the water for the engine, fired the steam engine, and kept the machine in running condition.

Mother and the girls were kept very busy preparing and serving one or more big meals to about a dozen extra men. On a few occasions, when it happened to be Friday, the family was shocked when a fellow Catholic helped himself to a generous serving of roast beef instead of salmon loaf prepared especially for him.

One year the threshers arrived in the evening. The driver of the team pulling the threshing machine stopped under the first maple tree at the end of our lane. From his high perch he pulled a small limb out of the tree and brushed up one of the black horses "to get his full attention" before tackling the hill in the lane. They made it and also backed the machine onto the barn floor before dark.

Another thresher had one blind horse in his team. When pulling the machine into the barn he took both horses by the bits and, walking backwards, helped the blind horse find his way. They were a willing team.

Later it became common practice to use the engine to pull the thresher on the road and to push it into the barn. The horses then brought the water tank.

Just for fun we made a wooden toy engine and thresher for winter play in the house. It was used for many years and was an object of special interest to visiting cousins. Too bad we lost the pattern.

#### Soil Improvement

The first definite step in soil improvement, as mentioned earlier in this section, was the change from a five-year rotation of corn-oats-wheat-clover-timothy to a three-year rotation of corn-wheat or oats-clover.

The second equally significant step was tile drainage. The lowland was wet and subject to flooding, and even the upland had many winter-springs, dips, and areas of tight subsoil. Once again Ernie's reading came to our aid. He learned about the value of tile drainage, something about the procedure for laying tile, and most of all, that we had land needing such drainage. None of us had ever seen tile laid, but we were anxious to "give it a try".

We started on a small scale, but the favorable results were so obvious that laying tile soon became a regular part of winter work whenever the weather would permit.

The nearest plant where clay drain tile were being made was at Talmage, about twelve miles away. On our first trip we returned with a wagon load of four-inch tile bought at eighty cents per hundred. Each tile was one foot long and was six-sided with a round opening through the center. The trip was a long and hot one for Ernie, Albert, and the team. Most of it was through new territory and the slow speed gave plenty of time for observations on farming and other things.

As the squeaking of the wagon seat kept time with the hoof beats and the turning of the wheels on the dusty dirt road, we became thirsty. Along the road was a pasture with some sheep and back a short distance we could see the top of a well. The horses welcomed a stop in the shade of a tree while we headed for the well. Soon the "Old Oaken Bucket, dipping with coolness arose from the well." But alas, as it reached the top, a multitude of frogs leaped in all directions. Mutually we decided that our thirst could wait.

Most of our tiling was done with four-inch tile but main lines required six and even eight-inch openings. Protecting the outlets from rodents, trash, and other obstructions remained a constant problem. Digging and filling in ditches was heavy work. We learned the meaning of weary muscles, cold feet from standing in water in rubber boots, layers of mud on our pant legs from the ditch walls, heavy feet from the sticky subsoil which clung to our boots, and the messiness of it all when picking hard places in the ditch in flowing water. These were all forgotten when we saw clear water flowing from the outlets we had provided and the best crop in the field on the spots which before had done little more than hinder cultivation.

In achieving our success with drainage, we were forced to do a bit of inventing. Locating an area in a field or pasture that needed tile drainage was easy. However, deciding where to place the tile, how deep we would have to dig for sufficient fall, and how far to an adequate outlet were difficult problems. Frequently

we had more than one choice of outlet.

We were fortunate in having a carpenter's level to help us be more accurate in these difficult decisions. Our level was made of wood and was about two feet long. We supported it on a temporary stake in the field and sighted along its top. This gave us a fairly accurate measure of the elevation of the surrounding land.

It was necessary to hold the level in place while sighting. For this purpose we used part of an old clothes wringer that had a pin on one end and a thumbscrew clamp on the other. We set the pin into a hole in the top of the stake. In the clamp we put a strip of wood on which we placed the level. In this way we were able to fasten the level in a horizontal position and point it in any direction. The entire unit was easily moved to another location. This homemade device proved to be quite satisfactory. We used it until a farm level with a telescope and rod became available.

A third significant practice in soil improvement was the use of fertilizer. Ernie's reading indicated that a faithful application of manure would return to the soil a high percentage of the nitrogen and potash which the animals consumed in their feed. Still phosphorous was a limiting factor on our type of soil, even after using 1-7-1, 1-8-2, or 1-8-7 fertilizers, so we began to apply 16% acid phosphate. Acid phosphate was ground phosphate rock dug out of the earth and treated with sulphuric acid to make the phosphorus more available to plants. Sometimes the process was rushed and the fertilizer was sacked before the curing was complete. The free acid would then weaken the sacks and cause them to tear. Also it would form a crust in the fertilizer box of the drill or planter. Then too, it would form lumps which were both difficult and bothersome to pulverize before they would go through the distributor. Besides, it was put up in two hundred pound bags. Imagine, if you will, one or more boys wrestling with such a two-hundred-pound lump as they got it from the wagon to the barn floor for storage until planting time. At planting time it was wrestled back onto the wagon and then into the planter out in the field, with all lumps mashed. Our backs were barely in condition to tackle the next sack! We learned to use gravity as much as possible and warmly welcomed the better cured product and the one-hundred-pound bags.

The formula on fertilizer bags was a mystery to us. Once we asked our dealer for the meaning of  $K_2O$ . He replied that he had asked the district agent the same question and got the answer; "I'm not sure, but one of ours is worth two of theirs." One of our neighbors felt secure when he said, "I judge my fertilizer by the stink." We all had much to learn.

A fourth practice emphasized in farm papers was the use of lime on the soil. Our first venture was with hydrated lime which we spread with shovels and then sneezed for a week. After that we used ground limestone and soon bought it by the car load.

### Evolution in Dairying

As was stated before, our dairying during the early years was limited to the pasture season and the milk was sold to a local cheese factory at heartbreaking prices. The factory made cheese and also some butter from any surplus fat; the whey was fed to their hogs. Unfortunately the operators kept their hogs in a very limited space and very close to both the plant and the road. This situation annoyed the customers and even the passers-by.

Hauling milk to the cheese factory was a daily and time consuming chore. Frequently it involved waiting for neighbors at connecting points. Since a ten-gallon can of milk weighs one hundred pounds or more, handling it was too heavy for the smaller boys. We lessened this problem by removing the bed from an old buggy and building a platform between the front and rear springs. Crosswise, at the center, we placed two heavy boards that extended several inches to the sides between the front and rear wheels. In the center of these boards there was space for four 10-gallon cans. Removable pegs held the cans in place. Between the back wheels there was a box to serve as the driver's seat. Since the milk stands were of the same height as the platform on the buggy a sixty-pound boy could easily tilt and roll a one-hundred-pound can. This arrangement left the bigger boys available for other farm work.

When Mary and Clarence were quite small they stopped at the cheese factory on their way to visit Grandfather and Grandmother May, who lived on a farm about a quarter mile beyond. They watched the cheese making process and asked many questions, but the one they

still remember was, "What do you do with the flies in the kettle?" They got the prompt answer, "We skim them all out."

During the winter months most of the cows were dry. Any milk left over after meals was placed in crocks, carried to the cellar and let stand. Later the cream was skimmed off with a spoon or wooden paddle. Periodically the cream supply was churned into butter for family use. Any surplus was traded for groceries at the local store in Randolph.

Churning success under these varying conditions of lactation, feeding, temperature, acidity, amount, etc. was anybody's guess. When the amount of cream was very small we put it into a one or two quart glass jar and shook it. When one of us got tired another shaker would take over. So it went until we either got butter or gave up and fed the cream to the dog, cats, or pigs. When we had more cream, we used a splash churn -- stomp! stomp! stomp! With it we had somewhat more success. When we had sufficient cream (two gallon or more), we used a wooden churn that had a horizontal wooden agitator driven by a crank with a speedup gear at one end and a stopper for draining the buttermilk at the other. The rounded bottom of the churn was made of bent wood and the whole top was the lid. The churn stood on four trim legs and was labeled "Pat'd 1870". Clarence now has this churn in his sun parlor as an antique.

One impressive experience may rate mentioning here. In the fall, after the garden had been cleared of vegetables and fruits, we opened the gate and let the cows go in for a final clean-up. Some garlic grew under the grape arbor. On one occasion some of the cows found the garlic and must have relished it, because, for several weeks, the odor in the butter was so strong that even a small amount was more than enough for a family meal. Memorywise, sixty years is not enough time to neutralize that impressive odor and still more impressive flavor.

Discouraged with cheese factory returns, we joined with neighbors in finding a market for cream and establishing a year-round route. One of the neighbors took the weight and samples for testing as he collected the cream and delivered it to the buyer. Soon competing salesmen got busy demonstrating cream separators, pointing out the advantages of their machine and the disadvantages



of rival makes. Mail order houses also were aware of pending purchases and kept mailing their catalogs. We bought a Sharples, No. 2, 350 pounds per hour. Later we exchanged it for one twice that size. Clarence's hands were too small for him to be a good milker of Holstein cows. We pondered this situation and then built a bench for him to stand on so that he could crank the separator.

The Sharples separator had an exposed connection between the separator bowl and the gears above that drove it. One evening while separating the milk, Mary leaned over to change pails under the skimmilk spout and the spinning connection caught a braid of her hair, wrapping it up like a string on a ball. Luckily, the fine hair wedged between the frame and the rotating bowl forming a brake which stopped the spinning within inches of her scalp. Mary now recalls that Albert "cut her loose" with his pocket knife. Except for that terrifying moment she was unhurt but the smell of burnt hair lingered for days, and so did Mary's embarrassment while her hair was growing back.

The warm milk was taken directly from the cows to the separator and the skimmilk was then fed to calves and pigs. With the persistent hope of a whole milk market we constantly tested and culled the herd for more economical production. This meant raising the more promising calves from the best bulls we could afford to own. Raising calves became an important project and almost an art, for the problems of health, rations, and handling were many. Everybody helped but Edward took special pride in the calf project. He used his fingers to teach young calves to drink from a bucket and fed them grain. Also he served as chairman in selecting suitable names. One year the list read: Toodles, Dimples, Dolly, Fairy, Dina, Spots, and Maggy. Edward considers Prince Hengerveld De Kohl his best calf raising job. "At six months I was feeding him almost a bucket of milk, a quart of oats, and a quart of shelled corn, twice a day. At three years he would have been a monster." However, he was replaced before he reached that age.

Raising calves can bring many tense moments. Once we had a month old calf out in the pasture. Suddenly it started running toward a newly built fence. The fence was made of six hog barbed wires. Evidently the calf didn't see the fence. Mutilation seemed

certain. We watched as the calf hit the fence, its legs flopping in all directions, and then saw it land on its back on the other side. Quickly we ran to the little animal and could find just one small cut and a few drops of blood on the tip of the lower jaw. This whole incident still seems impossible.

When a whole milk market became available a local trucker hauled the milk to Akron. One cold winter day Albert rode with him. Shortly after unloading at the milk plant and starting home they met a fellow trucker who had slid off the icy road and was stuck with his load of milk. The drivers connected the trucks with a log chain and tried to pull the truck out but the solid rubber wheels only spun on the ice. In an attempt to use momentum by giving a little jerk the chain broke, the end snapped back, and a big piece of glass was broken out of the windshield. Talk about a cold ride from there on home! Yes, they got the distressed driver out of the ditch before leaving him.

Our progress in dairying had to survive one severe and unexpected jolt. When things were going good and the herd looked its best, the State TB Test reached our community. To our indescribable surprise and horror, many of our cows had a positive reaction! The whole herd was sent to slaughter! The premises were thoroughly cleaned before we were safe to start over. The State paid indemnity but far from enough to cover the loss. This setback was a bitter pill. However, dairying was still our best bet so we started over, but this time with tested cows.

#### Silos and Silage

The reading of farm papers soon convinced us of the necessity and possibility of having a silo to insure the dairy cows an adequate supply of green feed for winter milk production. The nearest silo for us to examine was at Parsons, two miles up the diagonal road. Our first plan was to build ours of wood (just like theirs) so we cut the trees and had the logs sawed with that in mind. While waiting for the lumber to season, we learned about the tile silo. We liked it so much better that we sold the wood and bought the tile.

The tile and cypress jams and doors for the silo were shipped

by rail and hauled on wagons over the seven miles from the station at Atwater to our farm. We hired a mason and under his directions dug the foundation, mixed the mortar, and brought the tile to him. It was work, to be sure, but a most thrilling experience to see the walls rise higher every day and finally, there it stood--our silo. It was 11 feet inside diameter and 26 feet high.

The price of \$156.00 did not include a roof so we had to plan and build one. In the plan we included an additional six feet of siding for the silo so that the settled silage would reach the top of the tile. We built a simple shed-type roof. We painted the added siding red. With all our effort Edward still called the design "ugly."

The use of silage was so satisfying that in another year we built a second silo. This one was a "wooden hoop" structure. In late summer we cut an oak tree and the same day we had it sawed into boards (one-half by four inches). The next day we bent the boards around wooden blocks nailed to the barn floor. As we added each new layer of boards we nailed it to the one before until we had three layers which formed a reasonably round hoop. It took 15 of these three-layered hoops to build the silo.

The foundation for our new silo was a round concrete wall, nine feet in diameter, six inches thick, and about four feet high. Also, the floor was made of concrete. When all was ready, we stacked the wooden hoops on the foundation wall. Then, with the help of some scaffolding, we raised the hoops and fastened them to temporary uprights. The hoops were spaced two feet apart at the bottom and three feet apart nearer the top. Next, we nailed tongue-and-grooved top grade pine flooring around the inside, leaving a two-foot opening from top to bottom for the doors. The doors were separate pieces made of this same pine flooring and were set in place at silo filling time. The height of the doors varied with the distance between hoops, so it was necessary to number them. To protect the hoops from weather we covered the outside with vertical shiplap pine siding nailed directly to the hoops.

Next came the conical roof with a post in the center and then the chute for removing the silage. We painted the inside of the structure with two coats of linseed oil and the outside with two

coats of red barn paint. Our two silos stood close together so that one setting of the ensilage cutter could reach both.

Albert did not consider the structure complete until he placed a shingle weather vane and hand-shaped wind wheel on the post extending above the roof. All went well until the wooden bearing became worn and made so much noise that Mother requested its removal.

Our increase in silage feeding required giving more thought to our corn crop. At first we planted ensilage corn which grew a big sappy stalk and few ears. Later we changed to a late variety of field corn and hoped to get the ears into the late milk stage before the first killing frost. We found this variety better for our use. However, then as now, the first frost was unpredictable. Once the corn was frosted the silo had to be filled within a few days before the leaves shattered or became too dry to pack properly for good silage.

Silo filling, like threshing, was custom work. We were the first farmers in our neighborhood to have a silo, so exchanging labor for filling was not possible. We hired the extra help needed. After our neighbors built silos, we exchanged help with them. Barring break-downs or unfavorable weather, this work usually could be completed in one day.

The corn binder was always given a few hours head start, preferably late on the day before filling or early that morning. It took four to six men to load the bundles onto the wagon. The number of wagons needed depended on the distance from the field to the silo. Usually we used four or five wagons. At the silo each driver unloaded his own wagon and the cutter operator fed the bundles into the machine. The blades cut the corn into short lengths (1/4" to 3/8"), and the fan blew it into the silo. One man stayed in the silo to level the chopped corn as it came in, to tramp it down around the edges, and to put the doors in place. The silo was filled to the very top. During fermentation the silage would settle several feet. There was no spoilage except a very thin layer on top and at times a small amount around the doors.

The sound of the dinner bell was the best news of the day. It brought all operations to a sudden stop. The horses were unhitched,

watered, and fed. Several wash-tubs had been filled with water and placed on benches in the yard. Basins, soap and towels were handy. The men welcomed a chance to wash face and hands almost as much as the chance to sit a bit, enjoy a tremendous meal, and get caught up on area news. Mother and the girls were blue ribbon winners on such occasions as these.

Silos brought many advantages to farmers but also brought a variety of new problems. Owners of the first tile silos soon found that the structure lacked sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of the silage and had to be reinforced with outside bands. This fact was deeply impressed on us by an incident about five miles from our home. Two new silos (15 feet by 45 feet) had just been filled to the peak with ensilage corn. While the men were removing the cutter they heard a strange sound. Looking at the silos they saw that one of them, like the veil in the temple, had been rent from top to bottom, leaving a crack three inches wide. With fear and haste the men were able to put on bands and avoid greater mishap. This partly closed the crack which was then filled with mortar and the silage saved. Immediately we had the local blacksmith forge a pair of bands for our silo. Soon all the tile silos in the community were wearing two or more bands. Following such accidents, the manufacturers added reinforcement rods in the joints of all their tile silos.

Weather is always an important factor in farming. One year it was against us at planting time and again at harvesting time. Heavy rain washed out much of our corn crop shortly after we planted it. Since it was too late to replant, we planted soybeans by hand in the empty spaces. Both crops grew well together. However, more heavy rain in the fall made the fields too soft for the use of a corn binder. This meant getting enough extra help to cut the corn by hand and to pull the soybeans. Also, it meant extra teams to do the hauling in small loads. Unavoidably, some mud got into the silage. When fed, it had a laxative effect on the cows.

Another problem developed from the twine used with the corn binder. Researchers found that this twine frequently formed a wad in the cows' third stomach. To prevent this hazard, farmers added a man to cut and remove the twine before the bundle entered

the cutter. On one occasion Albert was cutting strings at the Eichler farm when the man on the wagon had trouble getting the next bundle to the cutter. Without a load the cutter speed about doubled. With one grand crash the blower, the frame that held it, and even the grindstone on it went to pieces. The horses on the wagon literally set on their haunches. Part of the cutter hit the tractor and drained the radiator; another part made a grand arch and then buried itself in a field sixty steps away. This part weighed sixty pounds. There was a lot of excitement but no personal injuries. However, the delay was time consuming and costly.

Most manufacturing processes have at least one by-product. We found this to be true in the making of silage. The by-product was silage juice. Corn needed a certain amount of moisture for proper curing but, when corn was cut too green, a surplus of juice was formed. It leaked out of the silo around the door openings and, after exposure to air, acquired a very offensive odor.

According to the grapevine, some men who were fond of any fermented juice gave this variety a trial. Supposedly they avoided the undesirable odor by drawing the juice directly from the silo. We never saw such toppers nor heard their comments. However, Clarence made an observation when he was cleaning the silo for refilling. He saw both pigs and chickens drink some of the fluid that had collected on the floor of the silo. Soon these animals began to move unsteadily and actually stagger.

#### Homemade Corn Cutter

Our choice of corn knives was a ten-inch serrated blade fitted into the end of an eighteen-inch broomstick at about a forty-five degree angle. With a wrist strap on the hand end, the knife could be dropped during shocking and recovered without stooping. This type served us well until we saw a challenging advertisement in a farm paper which gave us a new idea. The ad showed a horse-drawn sled that fit between the corn rows. On one side of the sled was a slanting knife that would cut the stalks as the horse moved the sled. We answered the ad but, when we saw the price, decided to build our own from materials already on hand.

We built an A-shaped frame (about six feet long) from 2"x4"

boards, fastened a wooden shoe to the front end, and a 24" wheel at each of the rear corners. The top of the frame was covered with 1" boards, laid crosswise. A box between the rear wheels served as a seat. The knives (one on each side of the frame) were made from an old cross-cut two-man timber saw that we had cut in the center. They were set in a slanting position and bolted to the cross-boards. The rear cross-boards were longer to give slant to the knives.

Two people were needed to operate this machine. They sat on the box with one foot near the center of the floor and the other on the extended board behind the knife. They caught the cornstalks as the horse pulled the outfit between two rows. When their arms were full they stopped the horse and shocked the corn. When the ground was firm and knives sharp results were most gratifying. On loose soil or checkrowed corn the stalks tended to pull up by the roots and clog operations.

One Saturday evening the silo fillers arrived and set up their equipment. At four o'clock Monday morning, Ernie and Albert, by the light of the moon, started cutting corn with their homemade cutter. The corn was wet and cold, with ice on some of the leaves. When they got an armful, they dropped it on the ground behind them and kept right on going. By daylight both of them were nearly frozen and the horse was wet with sweat, but several acres of corn were cut and ready to be picked up and fed to the ensilage cutter.

Our home made machine was kept ready and used when conditions were right until a corn binder was added to our farm machinery.

#### The Village Blacksmith

Along the way to Randolph Center, just beyond the mill, was the blacksmith shop. George Klein, the smithy, was rather short in stature but strong and wiry. He shod the horses and did the metal work for farmers in the area. He was recognized as a good worker and also as being a bit cranky at times, especially toward the end of a hard day when the customer would hold the lantern while he nailed on another shoe or two. He knew his metals hot or cold and also the woodwork that went with many of his repair jobs.

George Klein built a farm wagon for us. He used discarded grain binder wheels (bull wheels for the rear and truck wheels for the front); white oak wood for the axles (shod with metal strips at top and bottom for wheel bearings); and white oak for the bolsters, couplings, and tongue. George did a very good job but, in actual use, the wagon had many shortcomings. This time our idea was not so practical.

Our horses were used on both the farm and the road so some of them had to be shod every six to eight weeks the year round. By reshaping the heel of a shoe and welding on a new toe calk it could be reused until worn too thin to take another fitting. During the summer the calks were stubby and square-faced for long wear, but during the winter they were long and pointed like a chisel to cut into the icy road. With snow on the ground the sharpness would last for weeks, but on bare frozen dirt roads the sharp edge was gone after one trip.

For a while we used "never slip" shoes that had threaded holes for the removable calks. The calks were round and about an inch long. They had a hard core in the center to keep them sharp with wear. We could change the calks easily with a wrench and we had to keep them tight to prevent losing them. Some horses did well with such shoes, but others had trouble getting the benefit of the toe calks when pulling. Like many other novelties, the "never slip" shoe lasted for a while and then we heard no more of it.

#### Shoeing a Horse

George Klein was our blacksmith for many years and, as boys, we were thrilled to watch him work. He always wore his leather apron and always had his tool box within easy reach. His procedure seldom varied. His first move was to get acquainted with the horse. He would walk up to its left side, take a good look at its head and ears, and pat it gently. If the horse showed no objections, he started his work.

First, he picked up the horse's left front foot, held it between his own knees, and reached for his tool box. With a hammer and side chisel he cut the clinch of the nails, pried the old shoe loose (using special pliers), pulled it from the hoof, and



tossed it toward the anvil. Then, with the same pliers he cut back the rim of the horse's hoof. Next, with a knife that was curved at one end, he cleaned and trimmed the softer parts of the foot. Finally, with a few strokes of a rasp, he leveled the foot and had it ready for the new shoe. He followed this procedure for each foot.

When the four feet were ready, he went over to the anvil, picking up the old shoes as he went. He examined them and, if not worn too thin, prepared to reuse them. This meant heating the shoe heel, turning in the edge for a fresh calk, and welding a new toe calk in place. If new shoes were needed, he selected the proper size, shaped the heel, and added the toe calk. It was during this final shaping that the heavy strokes of the hammer on the shoe and the lighter strokes on the anvil produced the musical rhythm for which the smith and his anvil are so famous. When the shoes were finished, they were dipped into a tub of water for tempering to the proper hardness.

When all the shoes were ready, the blacksmith fitted them on the horse's foot for width. If adjustments were necessary he went back to the anvil and made the corrections. Then, with four special nails on each side of the shoe, he nailed it in place. He needed skill to point the nails so as to avoid hitting any cracks in the horse's hoof, to place them high enough to hold firmly, and low enough to avoid hitting the sensitive part of the hoof.

The final step was placing the horse's foot on a pedestal (about 18" high), clipping the protruding nails, clinching them with the special pliers, and setting the clinch with a hammer and block. A few strokes with the rasp removed any parts of the hoof that extended beyond the shoe.

Unfortunately, George Klein died while still in his prime. He was helping to move a school-house when the blocking slipped and he was killed.

#### The Local Mill

The local mill, owned and operated by Sam Poole, was located between our farm and Randolph. It was a complete flour mill with equipment for grinding different grains. We went to the mill often, traded wheat for flour, had shelled corn ground into meal,

and had ear corn and oats ground into "chop" for the livestock. We usually paid cash for grinding service or Mr. Poole would keep a portion of the grain for his pay.

The mill was driven by an overshot water wheel. Upstream, about a quarter of a mile, a dam diverted part of the water into a feeder stream. It flowed to the mill with less fall than the creek. When both streams reached the mill the water in the feeder stream was directed over the water wheel. Then it flowed back into the creek.

Low water, floating trash, and muskrat burrows through the sides of the feeder stream created many problems for the miller. After several years he changed to a gasoline engine for his power. The rhythmic sound of the engine could be heard for miles. Ed often tells how he and his friends kept in step with this sound as they walked across the fields to Randolph High School. In March of 1917, a blow torch used to thaw a frozen water pipe set fire to the mill. The mill burned to the ground. Ernie was on his way home with a load of freshly ground grain when he saw the black smoke. The mill was never rebuilt. From that time we had such work done at Ravenna or Atwater.

#### Marketing

The marketing of our dairy products was recorded earlier in this section. Our second main source of income was late potatoes. Each year we grew several acres of the Irish Cobbler and Green Mountain varieties and peddled the crop in Akron, going from house to house. Many families would "lay in" their winter supply, with a few large families buying as many as 20 bushels. Some of our regular customers were the same ones our Father had supplied many years before.

It was 15 miles from our home to Akron. This was a long trip for us and our team. Always we loaded the wagon with 40 bushels the day before and left home early enough in the morning to drive half the trip before daylight. Many a crowing rooster, beginners as well as old ones, cheered us as we rode along or walked behind the wagon to keep warm. Every few miles there was a watering trough for the horses. At lunch time we fed the horses and treated ourselves to bologna or cheese and crackers. Ernie usually got a schooner of beer, but Albert never learned to like it.

One of our neighbors who also peddled potatoes tells this story. After he had emptied several bushels into a bin in the cellar of a home, the mother told him she was out of money. Every time he went back to Akron he tried to collect, but had no luck. When he got the same answer on his last trip for the season, he told us, "I just made her a gift of them rather than lose the money." He seemed proud of his solution.

The source of other income varied. Usually we had enough plums, cherries, grapes, apples, and early potatoes to load the carryall and make several trips to Akron for house to house sale. Income from the wheat crop was exchanged for high protein cow feed. Occasionally we sold some hay to our neighbors. Also, we recall hauling a few loads of timothy hay to Akron for contractors to feed to their work horses. Today it is hard for Ernie and Albert to believe that they ever drove their team, Frank and Doll, down Main Street in Akron with a load of loose hay. Times surely have changed.

#### Seasonal Goals

Soon we learned the importance of timeliness in farming operations. In fact, we had an object lesson not far from home where a farmer planted his crops about the same time his neighbors were harvesting. To us the example was impressive of what to avoid. To guard against such expensive tardiness and hold to a practical timetable, we set up some standards to serve as a guide. Here are a few of such seasonal goals:

- Corn: Plow the land during March and April  
Plant by May 15  
Clear field to sow wheat before October 10  
Finish husking by Thanksgiving
- Wheat: Respect fly-free planting date  
Sow before October 10  
Break corn stubble at first hard freeze  
Sow clover seed on honeycomb soil about March  
Topdress lightly with manure when ground is frozen  
Remove shocks before young clover is smothered  
Mow wheat stubble before weeds ripen
- Oats: Sow as early as soil will permit  
Harvest and remove with young clover in mind

Hay:           Cut in early bloom  
              Cure as quickly as possible  
              Haul before leaves shatter

Soil:           Save and spread manure as produced  
              Apply a carload of lime every other year  
              Tile drain all low places and add spurs to main  
                  lines as need arises

Machinery:   Buy only what will be used  
              Keep in working condition  
              Overhaul during off season  
              Adjust and operate for greater efficiency  
              Keep under cover when not in use

Labor:        Keep busy during off season  
              Exchange labor as much as possible  
              Fit the man to the job  
              Operate larger units of equipment  
              Keep team in field during milking hour

Work Stock:   Keep as few head as possible  
              Keep in working condition  
              Feed according to work done  
              Keep harness in condition  
              Use collars that fit  
              Teach animals so as to save human steps

### PART III DUKE AND TIGE

Some bulls turn fierce at early age  
After that they are penned or tied  
But Duke and Tige maintained their cool  
And served the cause with gentle pride.

When we began to center on dairying as our chief source of income, we found the need to own a herd sire. First we bought a grade Holstein about nine months old and promptly named him Tige. He was a well proportioned animal, more black than white in color and easy to handle. If a bull calf can have a winning personality, Tige did. Throughout his life he performed all his duties with style and consideration for others on the team. Soon we were leading him by the halter. This exercise went so well that we fitted him with a yoke and a bow. We made the yoke from an apple tree limb and the bow by bending a young hickory tree. To justify the equipment and time, we made a sled and hauled corn from the crib to the stables. Gradually we learned to drive Tige without a halter and lead rope by substituting our voice and the touch of a driver's whip. The progress pleased both the teachers and Tige.

About this time an outside logger bought some timber along the creeks and used two yokes of oxen to bring the logs out of the swamp to the road. Ernie went to see them in operation and came back thrilled. With a little urging from a neighbor who once had driven oxen and who offered us the use of his yoke, we re-examined our horsepower shortage and decided to find a teammate for Tige.

In a few weeks we bought another grade Holstein bull and named him Duke. He was about the same age as Tige but a bit more rangy. To us he was much wilder and slower to respond. Training started in earnest. We kept these bulls in a double stall, yoked them in the doorway, and practiced them daily. Duke was yoked on the left or near side of the team. In practice the driver would give the commands as he walked at Duke's head, using the halter strap in his left hand and whip in his right. Tige's willingness and previous training added stability to the procedure. In time this team settled

to the load and could be driven from the wagon seat. A word and a touch of the whip, which was long enough to reach their heads, was all the guidance they needed. As they grew to ten, twelve, and fourteen hundred pounds, the old and usually justified fear of bulls seized some of our neighbors. However, the youthful drivers felt quite safe.

One winter day Ernie and Albert were using Duke and Tige for some cleanup work along the newly dredged ditch near the north road. A passing stranger stopped and asked for permission to take a picture of them. The picture is still in the family collection and appears in this book.

#### Cause for Mourning

Along with the spring thaw came muddy roads. Then the most practical conveyance was a sled or stoneboat which slid over the mud like a warmed knife over butter. Rain would tend to settle the roads but uneven thawing left many pockets and sink holes of unknown depth.

On one such day Ernie and Albert were coming down the road with Duke and Tige pulling a mud sled. Unknowingly they became part of a funeral procession. Once aware of the situation they saw nothing to do but stay in line for a half-mile or more. Gertie saw them coming and lost no time in telling them of their error. Even today the boys are not quite sure of what they should have done under the circumstances.

#### Riding in Style

One beautiful Sunday afternoon Uncle John L. May brought his family to visit us. They came in a surrey that had a fringed, square top. After the horses were stabled and the grownups settled for visiting, Albert and Edward slipped out to the barn, yoked Duke and Tige, hitched them to Uncle John's surrey and invited all the children to pile in for a ride. Albert was the driver and he must have felt quite confident for he sat on the front seat.

When the trip of about half a mile ended the jolly youngsters were met by their pale elders who had suffered a severe shock from fear for the children and the surrey. When both were found safe, Uncle John, who usually preferred sterner measures, closed his part

of the case with the tart reminder, "Before you do such a thing again, you better ask." No doubt he meant just that.

### Fording Snow Drifts

Wherever the road to the north along our farm had been cut down in grading, it would fill in with blowing snow. When we moved to the farm there was a picket fence along this road and it raised the drifts that much higher. People wanting to use this road had to detour through the fields or wait for the snow to be shoveled out.

One day when the drifts were high and more snow was blowing, Albert took Duke and Tige on the boatsled and drove straight down the road and back again. Apparently it didn't matter to Duke and Tige whether the snow was up to their knees or half way up their sides. They stuck their heads straight out and willingly waded through as their tails floated on the soft snow behind them. This adventure was a real thriller. However, it was not a good idea because no team of horses could follow and the packing made shoveling more difficult.

### Let's Go Fishing

Our Uncle Lewis Paulus lived in Denver, Colorado. One summer he visited us and he wanted to go fishing even though he was on crutches. His tales of hunting and fishing in the far west made us anxious to have a fishing adventure near home. We could easily find a pole, line, hook and bait, but we didn't know how to get our fascinating uncle and those crutches through or over the fences and down to the creek.

While showing him around the place we had proudly demonstrated our skills with Duke and Tige. This gave him an idea--why not hitch these animals to a stone boat that was low and could not upset. Then he could ride, sitting on a chair. The plan worked. We avoided the fences by going through neighbors' gates. Rough land, water, or mud were no problem for Duke and Tige and the stoneboat easily glided over the top. The "catch" has long since faded from our memory but the project will ever remain fresh.

### Good-Bye Fence Rows

Fences served an important function in our farm operations, but, unless used, they could harbor a lot of weeds, shrubs, and rodents, especially woodchucks. In making our attack on such a waste of land, Duke and Tige were ideal help. With them we removed trees, rocks, and fence posts and plowed the strip. There were no wet lines to care for nor heavy double trees to carry. When plowing, Ernie and Albert worked together. One took the plow handles and the other an ax to cut tree roots as the plow hit them. Duke and Tige would go and stop at command, easing into their load with the least amount of damage to the plow.

When clearing land of small trees (up to eight inches in diameter), we cut them waist high and then hitched Duke and Tige to the top of the stump. As they pulled in one direction we chopped the roots on the opposite side until they pulled the stump over. Then they would pull the stump round and round ending with a hole in the ground where the tree had been. This procedure sure beat digging out stumps with mattock, shovel, and ax.

### Off to the Fair

When Duke and Tige were about one and a half years old, we entered them as a team at the Randolph Township Fair. Hitched to an open buggy, they easily made the two mile trip to the Fair Grounds and won the Blue Ribbon in their class. A big event was the parade of all entries around the old race track. Following the horses, cows, and heifers came Duke and Tige hitched to the open buggy. Ernie was their driver and he had all and more than he could do to hold them in line. Cousins Harry and Ralph May, who had elected to ride in the buggy, were scared stiff. Some spectators failed to grasp the situation, others were fearful and a few were horror stricken. Edward, much aware of the possibilities, claims that he simply froze in his tracks. With all the skill at his command, Ernie piloted the ambitious rascals back to their stalls without serious mishap and breathed a deep sigh of relief. It isn't hard to guess why this was Duke and Tige's last trip to the fair.



### From Swamp to Sawmill

In one corner of our woods was a mucky spot which was wet most of the year. A large maple tree which grew here was blown down in a storm. We cut a sixteen foot log from the solid part of the trunk and then faced the problem of getting the log to the sawmill. Once again Duke and Tige were in demand. Although it was late in the summer, they sank into the muck until their legs and the lower part of their bodies were submerged. They looked like boats as they brought the log out to higher ground. Then they furnished the power to roll it onto a wagon.

### An Attempt at Appraisal

As a team, Duke and Tige had some habits which we were never able to change. When yoked but not hitched to a load of some kind, they often pulled apart as far as the yoke would permit. At such times all eight feet were walking down the middle line. This habit meant wasted energy and frequently led to sore feet, especially on a gravel road. Also they were afraid of bridges that were narrow or without a railing along the sides. This fear was even greater when they could see through cracks between the floor planks. Unfortunately they had a few falls on an icy bridge and apparently never forgot these experiences.

Duke and Tige's longest trip on the road was to the railroad station at Atwater, seven miles away. They hauled home a load of tile for the silo. As a supplement to horse power these animals were at their best on cool days. When the sun was hot, they soon needed water, shade, and rest. They were especially good for clearing land, pulling logs, and drawing loads on rough terrain. They had some shortcomings, but they came to us at a time when their services were needed, used, and appreciated.

### A Parting Word for Tige

Tige learned his early lessons well. Even after three years of serving as "off ox" and reaching a weight of fourteen hundred pounds, he would still step out of the barn with a spring in his stride and walk straight ahead all by himself for fifty yards or so.

We often rode Duke when he was yoked with Tige. We were never able to ride Tige. Our few attempts met with the same response. He would politely lower his head, raise his back, and slide his rider to the ground behind him. Tige always worked well alone. He was at ease when stretching fence wire, pulling rope for unloading hay, and even when hitched to the buggy. For such individual work we used an inverted horse collar and hames in place of a single yoke.

One afternoon Tige was hitched to the hay fork and Clarence was driving. Albert was on the wagon setting the fork. After one forkful, he asked Clarence to get some fresh water and let him direct Tige from the hay wagon. The first trip was perfect. On the second trip the rope snarled as it neared the track and Tige was stalled. Given a bit of slack the rope unsnarled and Tige was told to go. He did and with enough vigor to knock the block off the end of the track sending block, fork, hay, and all down into the mow. Ernie, who was in the mow, voiced the opinion that such foolishness might better have been tried when work time was less pressing.

One Saturday morning Albert hitched Tige to the cart and drove to the field to reset some wheat shocks that the wind had blown over. As he worked, Tige followed along grazing the young clover in the wheat stubble. Albert finished his work at the north road bridge just as Edward, Mary, and Clarence were coming home from instruction at St. Peter's Church. The cart seat and foot space were designed for one person but all four piled in. Tige walked up the hill and then took the level stretch at a jerky lope. Before going down the next hill, Albert signaled Tige for less speed. Tige responded immediately by stopping short, waiting for his passengers to huddle and unhuddle, and then going on completely undisturbed by the furor his sudden stop had caused.

When Tige left the farm to do his final good deed in somebody's frying pan and gravy dish, he likely caused some extra use of jaw muscles. As he stepped along behind the horsedrawn buggy on his last mile, Ernie, Edward, and Albert felt grateful for his many willing, helpful lifts and wondered who or what would take his place.

### Successors to Duke and Tige

The passing of Duke and Tige marked the end of our use of bulls as work stock. After that we bought only registered Holsteins selected to improve the dairy herd. Few of them ever knew harness beyond a lead rope or a staff snapped to a ring in his nose. However, there were a few exceptions. "Prince Pontiac Application" was one of them. He was always full of life. We would stake him out in the hay field on a twenty foot chain for grazing and exercise. One day, when Albert was driving the stake, Prince (still a calf) rushed up behind him and knocked him over, apparently in a playful mood. One rainy night Prince pulled his stake and came to the barn through the corn field, leaving a destructive trail. The following winter, when the snow was deep, Albert hitched him to the stoneboat and later to a cutter. These efforts at harnessing were not very successful. Prince acted resentful and unwilling to cooperate.

We saddled one of the other bulls but had to hobble him to get on his back. Once mounted, he responded to the reins quite well. On one occasion we hitched him to a wagon with a mule (Pansy) and successfully brought a few shocks of corn from the field.

King got surly at an early age. One day Albert was teaching him to be led when he suddenly charged, knocked Albert against the straw stack, and then wallowed him in the manure pile. Ernie's fast work with the silage fork probably saved a life. With that near casualty we learned a new respect for bulls and King learned to live in a pen. No further attempt was made to handle him.



#### PART IV OUR LONG-EARED FRIENDS

Able, enduring, suspicious,  
Quick as a cat when needs arose  
We found there's nothing like young mules  
To keep young drivers on their toes.

Reading farm papers helped us develop an interest in mules and a desire to try them as work stock. There was but one mule within miles around us so we began by raising our own. Hat had us hopeful for a while but that hope did not materialize. However, Nell, our black mare, gave birth to four mule colts in four successive years and we were on our way.

Daisy was the first born. She was bowlegged and quite contrary to handle. Using all the psychology we had learned from teaching Duke and Tige, we started teaching Daisy--almost as soon as she could walk and show her independence. Even at that early age she could outrun every other animal on the place, especially when she was scared.

Nancy, her full sister, had better form and was much easier to handle and teach. The two grew into an excellent team and were kept together until sold as a team.

Pansy, the third born, was a bit more chubby. In attitude, she was about midway between her older sisters. She was taught to "come" much like Tige and to follow her teammate, usually a horse, to the wagon. There she took her place at the wagon tongue.

Nelly was a full sister to Pansy and a half sister to Daisy and Nancy. She was small, well proportioned and mild in temperament. Although housed and fed from the same bin with Pansy, she failed to grow large enough for the two to make a team, like Daisy and Nancy had done.

Pansy and Nelly played together like pups or kittens. One winter afternoon the melting snow on the slate roof of the barn began to slide, making a loud moaning sound and a sharper noise as packs of it hit the ground in rapid succession. At the same time

Pansy and Nelly were chasing each other and some cattle around the strawstack. They were frightened by the noise and the snow hitting the ground close to them. In a flash they cleared the barnyard fence with plenty of space to spare and running uphill at that. That fright must have connected their "passing gear". They had never bothered that fence before nor did they afterwards.

#### On with the Harness

We had read that well developed mules could be put to work when they were two years old. This became our policy. The summer when Nancy was two and Daisy three, we had considerable acreage of corn and potatoes. Albert spent much of this summer on a riding cultivator drawn by these young mules. He insisted they made the best team for that purpose that he had ever driven. Pansy and Nelly were also harnessed at two years of age.

But colts will be colts! One afternoon Albert had Daisy on a weeder scratching over some long rows of potatoes on the Rogers' farm. The potato plants were just coming through the ground. After several rounds he stopped under a tree for a little rest. Daisy, too, rested for a while. Then, with a vigorous snort at whatever the cause may have been, she took off with the weeder bouncing behind her and playing a rough game with young potatoes. Instead of running wild and getting more scared with each leap, she followed rows and even slowed down enough for Albert to catch up before she reached the other end of the field. Nothing was torn or broken and the weeding was continued.

#### With Slip and Wheel Scraper

A road grading job opened a few miles from home about the time that Daisy and Nancy reached the age of four and five. We had plenty of help and other work stock to operate the farm. The five dollars for a team and driver for a ten-hour day seemed like a lot of money, so Albert was delegated to take the road job. Ernie, Edward, and Clarence looked after the farm and dairy.

Daisy and Nancy were the only mules on the job and, being young, it took them several days to get used to such strenuous work.

Some of it Daisy never did learn to like. One day while loading a slipscraper she dropped to her knees and put both her hind feet on the front ones. She was unable to move until Albert lifted the hind feet one by one. Then she went on with the work.

One morning the toot of a dinky engine scared Daisy into making a perfect tackle on Nancy, throwing her flat on the ground. Nancy was barely back on her feet when a second toot (probably intentional) repeated the performance. Yet, not one strap was out of place when they resumed their walk down the road to be hitched to the scraper for another day's work.

Usually Albert and the team went home on Saturday afternoon and back to the boarding house and barn on Sunday evening with a fresh supply of feed and clean work clothes. On one such trip a culvert was out and the road traffic went through a field. The mules, already on the alert, saw a dog in the weeds and stopped short. All four tugs unhooked at the same time. When the team moved forward, the tongue dropped out of the neckyoke. The lines were feeding out over the dash when the sleepy driver roused just in time to grab the buckled end and save himself a walk home. Although now Daisy and Nancy were a well seasoned team, they still retained some of their colt habits.

On another occasion they kept shaking their heads as they worked. That night when taking off their bridles, Albert found the heads were sore on top, behind the ears. The day had been hot. Already a few maggots had hatched and started to bore into the sore spots. It took some doing to clean the sores without incurring too much ill will. By wrapping the bridle tops to take the weight off the tender spots and by lengthening the side pieces of the bridle the sores were soon cleared up.

When the team was hitched to a wheel scraper, necks had to be checked several times per day even if the collars were thoroughly cleaned every morning. Sore necks under daily pressure are hard to heal and a mule with a sore neck is not good company for anyone entering her stall, especially if about to put on a collar. The snapping jaws and lifted foot plainly say, "Watch out."

### Good-bye to Daisy and Nancy

We had six good months of road work. Then fall came and with it more and more loss of work time because of wet weather. Rather than feed an extra team during the winter we decided to sell Daisy and Nancy. Albert left work one Friday noon and drove the ten or twelve miles to Akron with the hope of making a sale. He went to a contractor who had bought hay from us in the past. After a demonstration that the mules could and would pull, the contractor made us an offer for the team and harness. Albert accepted his offer. He telephoned Ernie to come for him and the buggy. Later we learned that Nancy got bigger and better with age and Daisy got more difficult.

### Toots and Nelly

Pansy took her place in a team with one of the horses. After some trading we found Toots, a close match for Nelly. They were both light in weight and as quick as cats. They were a pleasure to drive when the load was not beyond them and they were excellent pullers. We used to hitch them to an old wagon with a box and spring seat and go to town. With a yip and a free rein they would gallop down the road making the rear of the wagon sway from side to side. Soon, with a rattle, we rolled into town and stopped short at the hitching post. If the purchases were not too fragile, we went home in the same manner. This ride may have seemed wild to some; to us everything was under complete control and life was exciting.

Toots and Nelly could be driven almost anywhere. They were used a great deal around the farm, especially for building and repairing barbed wire fences. Finally we traded them for Max and Tom, a larger team but much less agile.

### Max and Tom

Compared to driving Toots and Nelly, Max and Tom were more like steering a flat boat. It took a lot of time for a pull at the rein to show effect. Max would set the pace and Tom would drag along about a foot behind. Encouragement in any form seldom lasted for more than three or four steps. Tom had a Max complex. He simply couldn't stand being left in the barn without Max at his side. It



was hard to believe that poky Tom could show so much uneasiness at being left alone. Edward and Clarence seemed to appreciate this pair of mules. Albert found them too unresponsive to their driver and Ernie didn't say much. We all observed that Max and Tom could pull or just pretend and we had to watch closely to tell the difference.

One sunny afternoon these mules were in a pasture on our second farm several miles away. There was no lane leading from the pasture to the barn. Albert drove to the farm planning to harness Max and Tom and do some field work. First he had to catch them. Luckily he succeeded in dropping the loop on a 35 foot lariat rope over Tom's head with enough rope left to wrap around a fence post. Tom's tail snapped when the rope tightened. Max followed Tom to the barn where they were harnessed and work went on as scheduled.

#### Poor Dick

Dick was a tall, lanky, dark brown mule that we got through some sort of trade. We were not fully aware of his poor physical condition and we kept him but a short time. The cups of his teeth were worn away so we could not tell his age. His walk was extremely rapid and he gave little heed to directions from his driver. He had a bull-shaped neck which required a special collar and he had trouble with his legs.

In a team he was always in the lead, frequently stumbled and fell, and then made no effort to move. Sometimes blowing in his ear would bring a response. When that failed a little water poured in his nose revived him and he was ready to go again. Poor Dick had such contradictory behavior that it was impossible for us to understand his needs. Soon it seemed best for us to relieve him of his misery. We used our 22 rifle.

#### A Little on the Scary Side

When Doll and Tom were still colts, Albert drove them to Randolph with the "gravel bed" on the wagon. His errand included the purchase of a few groceries. On the way home, as he passed the school house, the team suddenly changed pace to a faster trot and then to a gallop. Albert sat flat on the floor boards with a foot against each front stake. By see-sawing the team from side

to side he managed to keep them on the road. At every swerve of the wagon more of the groceries were left behind. By the time they reached home the team was calm again and the cause of their fright is still a mystery. Albert went back and picked up the groceries.

A year or so after the above episode, we were cutting wheat for a neighbor. Some of the shorter straws clung to the reel instead of dropping onto the binder platform. A strong tail wind showered these straws over the triple team and some of them lodged on the ears of the young mules. At first the mules shook their heads but, when the mysterious objects kept coming, they speeded up to almost a run. Albert was on the binder at the time. His efforts to slow things down were of little avail until he came to the end of the field and turned around. All went well going into the wind but going with the wind was another scary re-run. These two events were not considered a runaway but they sure didn't miss it much. Whenever a team gets out of control, even for the briefest period, the driver is never in a position to know which way the ball will roll.

Pansy, "Come here!"

When Pansy was about two years old we answered an ad in a farm paper and got a set of Professor Berry's books on "Horsemanship." We studied the paperbacks from cover to cover and then started teaching Pansy.

According to Professor Berry the first lesson to teach was "Come Here!" He suggested placing the animal in a pen about eighteen feet square and equipped with strong high fences. The plan was to turn the animal loose in the pen without rope or harness. After the animal got acquainted with his surroundings the trainer was directed to enter the pen, carrying a buggy whip. He was to walk up to the animal, pat it on the neck, then move back a step or two saying in a clear and commanding tone, "Come Here!" At the same time he was to use the whip lightly on the animal's hind legs in the region of the hocks. Two or three repetitions were supposed to get the animal to understand the command and quickly follow the directions. Obedience brought a pat of approval, failure a reminder on the hind legs.

We studied these directions long and carefully, then built a pen and placed Pansy in it. Albert picked up the buggy whip and stepped into the pen. Ernie stood near and watched. Pansy had her head in the far corner and apparently had decided to keep it there. The gentle pat on the neck, the forceful "Come here!", and the light touch on the hocks brought no response. Had not Professor Berry said "It's the certainty, not the severity of punishment which brings lasting results?" What was wrong? Where had we failed to follow directions? What comes next? Albert leaned against the fence and conferred with Ernie. They recalled the times when Duke and Tige were equally stubborn and what they did to get through to them. Then Ernie handed Albert the blacksnake whip which had been placed near, just in case. Albert again gave the command "Come here!" and followed it with a sharp crack on the hocks. After four repetitions Pansy finally swung around for her pat on the neck. Following several more perfect responses to "Come here!" Albert started to run and Pansy followed. No matter where Albert went, Pansy was at his heels. With only an occasional refresher this lesson lasted Pansy for her lifetime. It was a lesson which proved useful in many ways.

#### A Lesson in Courage

Pansy had her own set of fears with emphasis on sudden or strange noises. When they did occur she got herself away as quickly and as far as possible. We cheered her dexterity when she performed this way in the pasture or barnyard. However, when harnessed, we considered such behavior out of order and set out to help her. Once again we turned to Professor Berry.

In the loft of the woodshed we had an unused round, galvanized water tank. It was about a yard high and two yards in diameter and had an open top. When rolled on its side it made just the sound that Pansy feared most.

The Professor Berry books had taught us how to gently lay an animal on its side. With the help of a rope and simple harness we did this to Pansy. When she struggled to get to her feet another pull of the rope flattened her out again. After a few attempts and our soothing talk she became quite calm. Then we rolled the tank near her using voice and rope to calm her fears. It took a

while but finally she let the rumbling tank roll over her from nose to tail and back without a move. This lesson relieved her of many fears and made our life more enjoyable.

#### Milk Can Express

After the catalog purchase of a saddle, riding became more popular. Pansy was the favorite mount but she was fussy about what she carried in that saddle. One spring evening we needed to get to our milk stand near the school to get an empty ten gallon milk can. The road was very muddy, so Albert saddled Pansy realizing that she might have some objections to that kind of luggage. He rode up to the stand and grabbed the can with one hand. As the can slapped her side Pansy took one leap and was off. Mud flew in all directions Albert managed to keep his grip on the can and to hold his seat. Pansy was far too busy making tracks for home to be bothered with any directions from him. By the time they reached the barn the fright was over and the errand accomplished.

#### Pansy Draws the Line

Pansy's well learned lesson of "Come here!" often surprised the neighbors. At home or away from home she would respond to the command and take her place at the wagon tongue. One afternoon she willingly followed Albert up the half dozen concrete steps to the back porch and very likely would have accepted an invitation to go into the kitchen. Next he tried the outside steps leading into the cellar but at the entrance Pansy stopped short and seem to say "Please not down there." Her response seemed so real that it was accepted without further urging. Here she helped us learn a valuable lesson on the folly of inviting failure.

## PART V PETS AND PESTS

Woodchuck, rabbit, owl, or weasel,  
Cat, dog, hen, pig, or bird in flight,  
We classified as pet or pest  
When judged by acts and appetite.

Although we seldom thought or did much about pets, we usually had some around the place. Sometimes we caught a young rabbit in the wheat stubble and put it in a pen. However, it was often gone by the next morning. Several times we raised orphan pigs on a baby bottle but put them with the others when they became too chummy and demanding. When driving through a patch of woods we often saw a chipmunk following along on the worm rail fence. In this section we are recording our more vivid recollections of such animals.

### Toby the Pig

Toby was a white pig who would jump onto a rail fence, teeter and balance on the top rail like a dog, then jump down on the other side. He would do this even while being watched which was contrary to ordinary pig behavior. We found out about Toby's rare ability while hogging down a patch of rye. However, his performance ended when the rye was gone and the pigs moved to a field with different fencing. Perhaps his unusual technique should have been further developed.

### "Pusch Kepple" the Hen

"Pusch Kepple" had the appearance of a brown leghorn hen with a tuft of feathers on her head. She layed her eggs on the sill between the floor joists of the barn above the feed alley. Many a day we would come in from the field to find a cold egg in her nest. Usually the one who found it drank it from the shell then and there. It was such a good appetizer for the hot meal waiting in the kitchen.

### Wilkes the Cat

Wilkes was a black and white cat who frequently followed us to the field to catch mice and even rats at corn husking time. Also he roamed the fields on his own. While still a kitten we deprived him of potential progeny in order to extend his usefulness as a cat. Our hopes were realized.

One year the crows were particularly destructive to the newly planted corn. We had heard that if you catch a crow, tie a red ribbon to its leg, and then let it go, it will fly far away and take others along. So we set a steel trap in an oak tree where the crows had been gathering, but caught a chicken hawk instead of the crow we were after. We never learned the truth of the red ribbon tale.

By then the crows seemed to congregate in another spot. This time we set two steel traps on top of a rail fence and baited them with eggs. This was on a Saturday. The next morning we failed to check the traps before going to Mass. Conscious stricken, we hurried home and to the traps. To our horror there hung Wilkes with a front paw in each trap. He was almost exhausted from the pain, heat, and lack of water. Fearing he had gone wild, we released the traps with a stick. He dropped to the ground and rolled over into a ditch. He splashed in the water for some time. Then, slowly, he made his way to the barn as we followed. For weeks he licked his wounds until they were healed. One paw was stiff and the other minus a claw. Soon he was out in the barn and the fields again. He even tackled visiting tom cats and licked them to a finish. We had many other cats but none that could match Wilkes. To Edward fell the sad duty to "liquidate" him in his old age.

### Midget and Brownie

Midget was a small black and white dog who believed in standing up for her rights. She barked and snapped at strangers and even challenged members of our family. She had a litter of four pups and raised two of them. At weaning time we gave the black and white pup to Grandmother May and kept the brown one. He became our family dog, Brownie.

We tried our best to teach Brownie to get the cows but never were able to communicate. About the only thing he ever learned was

to sit down at the command "Squat! Right there!" This command he always respected even if it came from the top of a load of hay or corn stover. We made him a harness and a pair of thills or shafts for the coaster sled. On this he hauled the saw and ax to the woods. He was always friendly but of little other use.

#### Owl in the Apple Tree

For most of one summer we would hear a screech owl just before dark. We never saw it but could trace its whereabouts by the sound. We imagined it was on its way to catch mice and other rodents, so we were glad to hear its screech and know it was still around.

Up on the hill across from the orchard stood a lone Rambo apple tree. It was truly an old timer. The apples were few and of doubtful quality. One cold morning Ernie and Albert climbed the hill with ax and saw to turn the old landmark into firewood. When they cut the tree they found the trunk was only a shell with a hollow center. After propping up the trunk end they began sawing off chunks for the wood stove. At about the third chunk there was a rustle and out popped an owl. It flew into the orchard and was gone. They began to wonder, "Is that the same owl? If so, why oh why did we have to spoil her home?" We never heard the screech again.

#### Snakes in the Corn Crib

Ernie's motto was "never kill a snake". He supported his belief by gently picking them up by the tail and even more gently turning them loose to carry on their good work. As far as we knew they were non-poisonous. He liked to see a snake or two in the corn crib to control the mice. His preference was a blacksnake, the bigger the better. We neither debated nor questioned his point of view. In fact, we became converts to it, although not very active ones.

#### Dogs, Geese, and Roosters

When we were quite young we were afraid of dogs, especially strange ones. The Heislars, who were neighbors on the north, had a large dog that was unfriendly to us. Often when we were walking to church, we actually held our breath while hurrying past their house. On the way to school we had to pass Vaughan's. Their dog

was both a barker and a snarler. Usually it was in the front yard ready to frighten us. When we got our own dogs, Midget and then Brownie, our fears faded away.

The Mangolds provided another kind of fright hurdle for us on our way to school. Theirs was geese. When their old gander, with head down and hissing, came toward us we really "took to our heels". Mother had told us that when she was a young girl a big goose had knocked her down and pinched her. It had been a painful experience. With that in mind we were well prepared to avoid the coming and going of Mangolds' geese.

Rooster fights were a common event around the farm. Some fights were one-sided and soon finished, while others were so well matched that even the winner had little energy left to crow over his victory. One old rooster with a high comb, long wattles, and even longer sharp spurs considered himself king in our flock. He had fought his way to the top and seemed to be looking for further competition to boost his ego. He challenged Clarence, who was then quite young, and sent him running to the kitchen and Mother. Even cats and dogs, and who knows what else avoided that rooster's struts and spurs. Eventually he was needed to flavor some dumplings. That was one Sunday dinner Clarence really enjoyed.

#### Weasel in the Woodpile

Each year a few of our hens hatched a setting of eggs and cared for their chicks in individual coops. One summer day, when the chicks weighed about a pound, there was a big commotion among the hens and chicks. Mother rushed out and saw a weasel dragging a chick toward the woodpile. Her coming caused the weasel to drop the chick and rush into the woodpile. However, he had tasted blood and soon was back for more. Mother called to one of the boys for help. Together they set a steel trap between the now dead chick and the woodpile and covered it with a grape leaf. They had barely moved away when snap went the trap with the weasel in it.

#### Dog in the Chicken House

We knew we were missing eggs from the chicken house and wondered what was happening to them. One day Edward caught the culprit in the act. He found a familiar looking dog in the chicken



house eating the eggs. Quickly he closed the door and called for a conference on what to do next. We decided to teach that dog never to come back and to do it in one lesson. Someone suggested that a minor operation might be effective. This we did and had no further trouble with eggs disappearing.

#### Woodchuck in Field and Frying Pan

For several weeks in the early evening, we watched a woodchuck gathering food in the field to the north of the house. We were not so much concerned about the feed as we were about the tile drain where we thought she was storing it. We had often heard that a woodchuck could slide into a hole and snap a steel trap without getting a leg caught in it. Nevertheless, we picked our best trap and, sure enough, we caught her. She was young and fat and looked like such a nice meal!

Mother and the girls were not interested in doing this cooking. We proceeded on our own, took off the skin, and placed the meat in salt water over night. The next day we boiled and then fried it. The boys ate all of it in spite of its peculiar odor. Later we learned that removing the cawl or thin layer between skin and meat would take care of this odor, but we never caught another to find out.

Usually woodchucks dug their holes along fence rows and brush covered banks, but occasionally they would dig in the middle of a hay or small grain field. We found several holes in our hay field. A neighbor assured us that when the hole is out in an open field the "varmits can be drowned out." His suggestion seemed worth trying so we filled several ten gallon milk cans with water, loaded them onto the stone boat, and hauled them to the spot. We poured enough water to more than fill the hole, but still no woodchuck made an appearance. Whether they had moved, were out to lunch, were digging another hole, or were able to dodge our flood, we never knew.

On another occasion we decided to dig out the woodchucks. We dug a trench about six-feet long, gradually deepening it to a yard or more. There we caught up with the woodchuck splashing around in the muddy water, probably digging away at full speed.

Our project ended with one less woodchuck and one less hole in the hayfield for a horse to step into and perhaps break a leg.

When we learned about carbon disulphide and how it could be used to kill rodents, we bought a gallon at the drug store. We poured some of the liquid over several corn cobs and tossed them well down into the woodchuck hole. Then we sealed all evident outlets with soil and tramped it down. The chemical formed a gas that was very poisonous. Frequent inspection and treatment of fresh holes became a summer routine.

In many ways the woodchuck is an interesting animal. He keeps on the alert and, by feeding within range of his burrow, has managed to evade many dogs and hunters. He can live above or below ground. During the winter, while he is taking his extended nap, his home is available to rabbits, skunks, and other fur-bearing animals. Also, he has his special day in February when he predicts the weather for another six weeks. What other animal has a more enviable combination of qualities!

#### Guilty or Not Guilty

One winter morning as Edward and Albert crossed the Hollow Bridge on their way to school they heard a sort of rattle under the bridge. Looking over the edge they saw a rabbit making jump after jump to the end of the chain on a steel trap which had caught him. The heart said, "Turn him loose," but the head replied, "It's Charlie Hostler's trap and that makes it his rabbit."

After watching a few more painful jumps, Albert sprung the trap and the rabbit disappeared in the bushes. The boys went on to school wondering whether they had done a humanitarian act or taken something from a neighbor.

What should they, or would you have done?

#### Just Rabbits

There were few days when we did not see one or more rabbits in the fields. When cutting the last round of grain, it was common to see grown rabbits dash out and hunt for other cover. They became quite tame in the summertime but were hard to find in November when hunters were on their trail.

One spring morning while Albert was harrowing in a field to be planted to corn, he came upon a nest of young rabbits. They popped up through the harrow like water out of a fountain and ran in all directions. Albert stopped the horses and found their hole in the ground. It was about plow depth and lined with fur. The mother apparently left when the horses got too close for safety, and the young ones failed to follow her. However, none of them seemed to be hurt and all disappeared in short order.

When snow covered their normal feed rabbits ate the bark from young apple trees. Often we protected the tree trunks with a screen. If the snow was knee-deep, we could run down rabbits or get near enough to shoot with a rifle. Sometimes the snow had a crust not quite strong enough to hold a rabbit. Then they were practically helpless if caught out in the open.

We never owned a shotgun but others hunted on the place. Two cousins, Fred and Clete May, came each year and brought their ferret. That weasel-like creature would go into a woodchuck hole and, if there was a rabbit in it, scare him out the back entrance into a sack or pair of hands waiting there. This was a frowned upon practice but it sure helped keep the rabbit population under control. Occasionally we saw a blacksnake in the process of swallowing a half-grown rabbit. It took time but was a snake's way of doing it.

#### Muskrats

In our estimation muskrats were about the most undesirable rodents. They burrowed along the creek banks, blocked tile outlets, and cut off the partly grown corn stalks. They dragged the corn stalks to their dens or left them floating in the creek. Each winter trappers were after them for the pelts but didn't catch enough to reduce the damage. In the pasture their presence was evident by their many well-beaten paths. Muskrats were one pest we had to learn to live with.

#### Pesky House Flies

House flies were a real nuisance especially around the barn, back porch, and summer kitchen. We depended on cleanliness around the premises, on feeding the animals (especially hogs) in the pasture

or as far from the buildings as possible, and on trapping as control methods. Also, the handy fly swatter and sticky fly paper were responsible for many a catch. With the first frosty nights, flies gathered on the porch ceilings and could be swept off in the early morning and burned. As yet fly sprays had not reached the market and available metal traps were not effective.

We had read many articles in the farm papers about fly control and were aware of the methods attempted by other farmers. We decided to build a trap of our own, reasoning that the bait (brown sugar and vinegar) and the buzzing sound of the captured flies would attract a goodly number of the pests.

Our trap was round in shape, thirty inches high and twelve inches in diameter. The sides and the six-inch cone at the bottom were made of wire screen. The top was a removable lid. The bait was placed on a saucer under the cone. The plan was for the fly to enjoy the sugar and vinegar, light on the inside of the cone, crawl to the top, through a small hole, and join its buzzing friends in the trap.

Our catch was less than we expected, probably because the fly population was never very plentiful at any one location. Also the trap presented several problems. The bait saucer needed frequent refilling. We never found the perfect way to empty the trap. Once Clarence tried to drown the flies in the swimming hole, but his escapees were about 100 per cent. The trap was around for many summers but not in constant use.

#### The Horn Fly

Our dairy cows and calves had another problem, the horn fly. These flies would gather on the back of the animal just behind the shoulder blades but beyond the reach of the ever swinging tail. There they would stick with their beak poked through the skin, sucking blood. Every few minutes the cow would swing its head back and scatter the flies. The pests returned almost before the head could swing back to normal position. When fly sprays became available we kept a hand sprayer handy and used it when the cows were brought to the barn. Many a calorie intended for milk production was used to fight horn flies.

## Potato Bugs

The Colorado Potato Beetles were the chief enemy of the Irish potato grower. They came almost anytime during the growing season and spread rapidly. The striped adults did little damage but laid hundreds of yellow eggs in clusters on the under side of the potato leaves. After a few days of sunshine the eggs hatched and the young began to feed. Then it was time for us to get busy with a shallow pan and wooden paddle. We went along each row stooping over the plants, paddling the bugs into the pan, and pulling the leaves that had eggs on them. At the end of the row we had a bucket partly filled with kerosene. Here we emptied the pan before starting another round. This was slow work and left the smelly chore of burying the catch the next morning. When the pan and paddle method was too slow, we applied Arsenate of Lead or Paris Green with a hand sprayer. Later we had a cooperatively owned power sprayer.

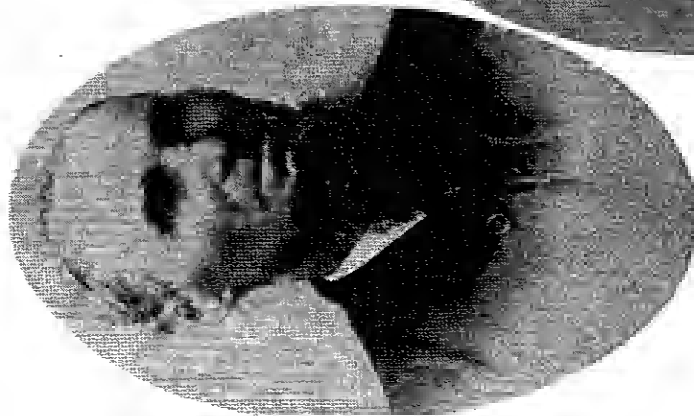
Occasionally, later in the season, the Blister Beetle would move in. They were heavy feeders and fast runners. Frequently they ruined the area before catching or spraying could stop them. We tried many means of control. We even tried building a fire and driving them into it. Their speed and extent of damage was a threat to all potato growers.

## Rats

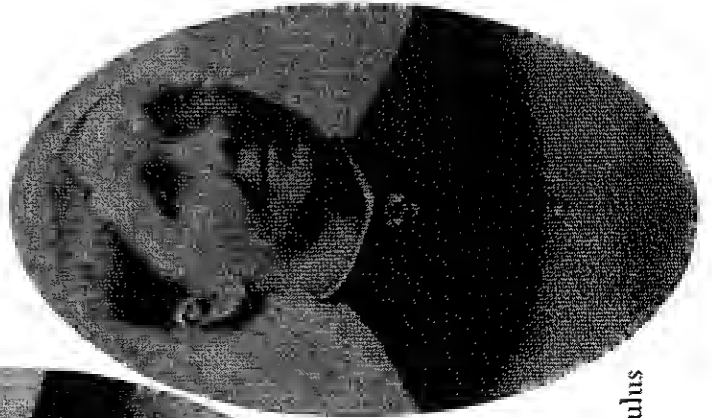
Rats were probably the most resourceful pests of all. They would dig or gnaw their way into almost anything that contained food, and they were not particular about what they ate. Sacks of feed were especially attractive to them. They seemed to move from place to place in packs and appeared in the stable, granary, wood pile, corn shocks, and even cellar at about the same time. They would take a bite of food here and there and thus waste far more than they actually ate.

For control of these rodents we relied mostly on rat proof containers and the steel trap. The dog and cats offered some help by catching them or scaring them away. Poisons then available were too hard to handle with safety. Carbon disulfide placed in their burrows proved effective when the conditions were favorable.

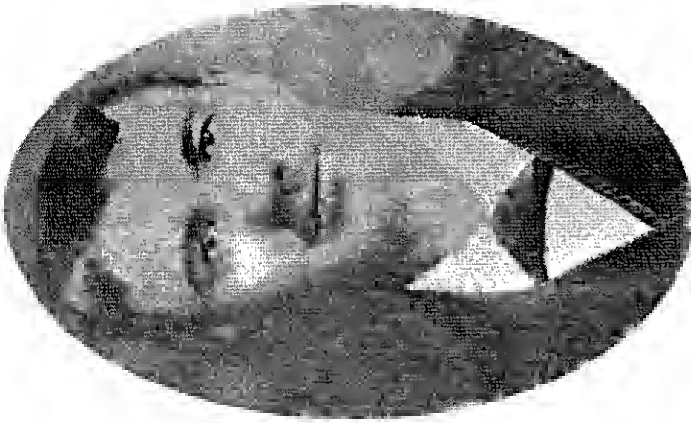
On one occasion rats invaded the barn where we kept the cow feed. At dusk we set several steel traps and baited them with ground feed. Scarcely had we left the spot when we heard a snap and a squeal. We quickly returned, killed the rat, reset, and by morning had another one in the same trap. Usually it took a week or more to get rid of a new invasion. Also we had a wire cage with a trap door that we used with some success. The difficulty with it was disposing of the live rats after they were caught. Farmers of today should be most grateful for the advancements in the chemical control of rats and other farm pests.



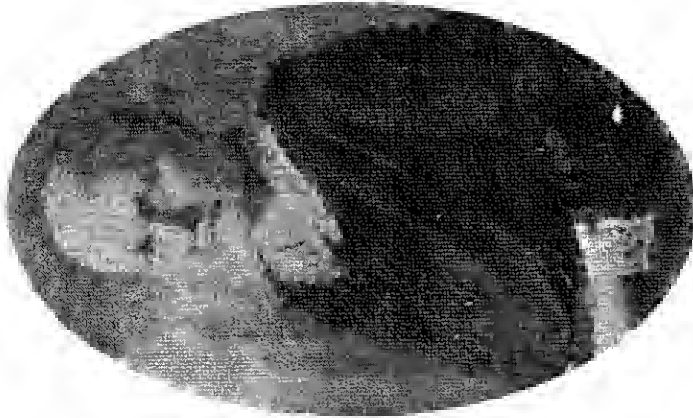
Joseph Paulus



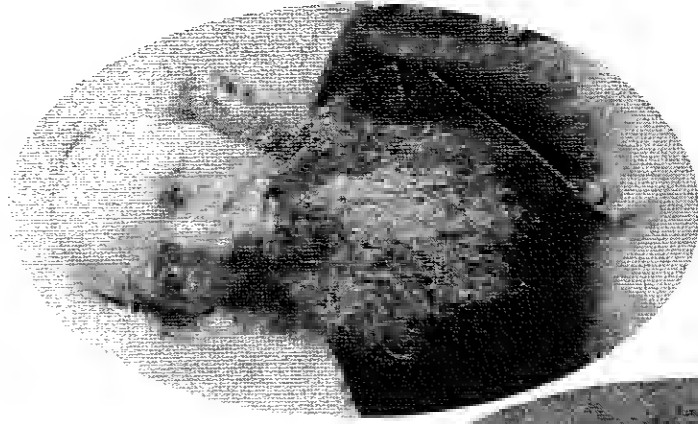
Eva Knapp Paulus



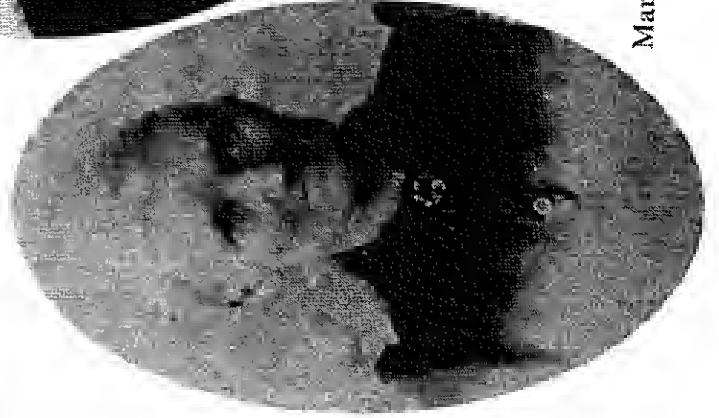
John Paulus



Clara May Paulus



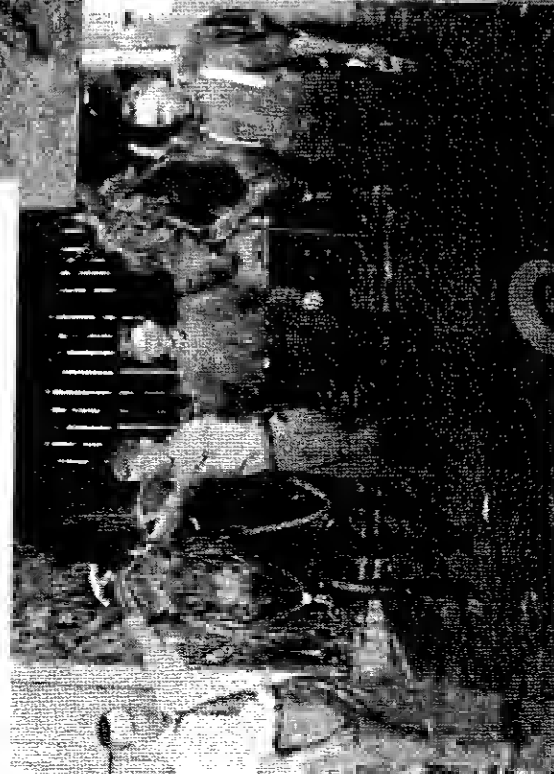
John May



Mary Arehart May



Albert and Daisy



Albert, Pansy, Clarence, Edward, Nelly, Ernest

# AROUND THE FARM



Ernest, Tige, Duke, Albert

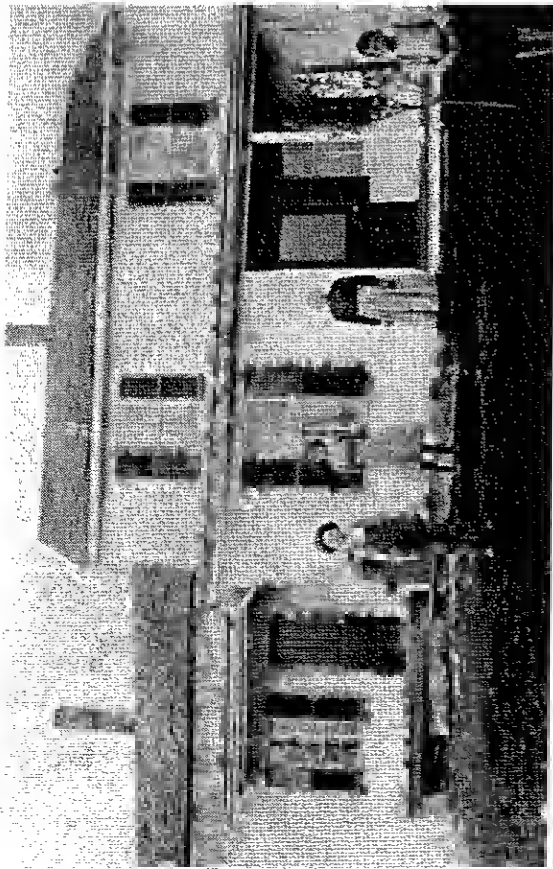
Silo Filling



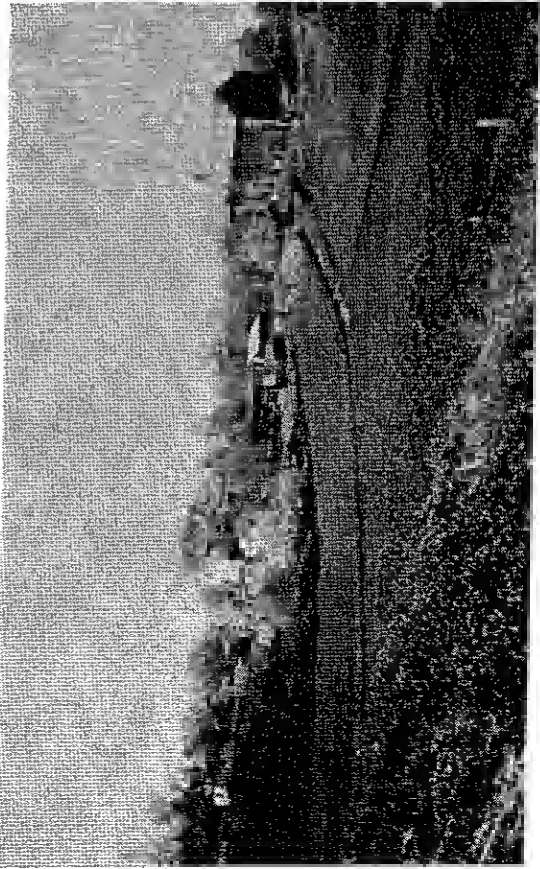
AROUND  
THE  
HOME



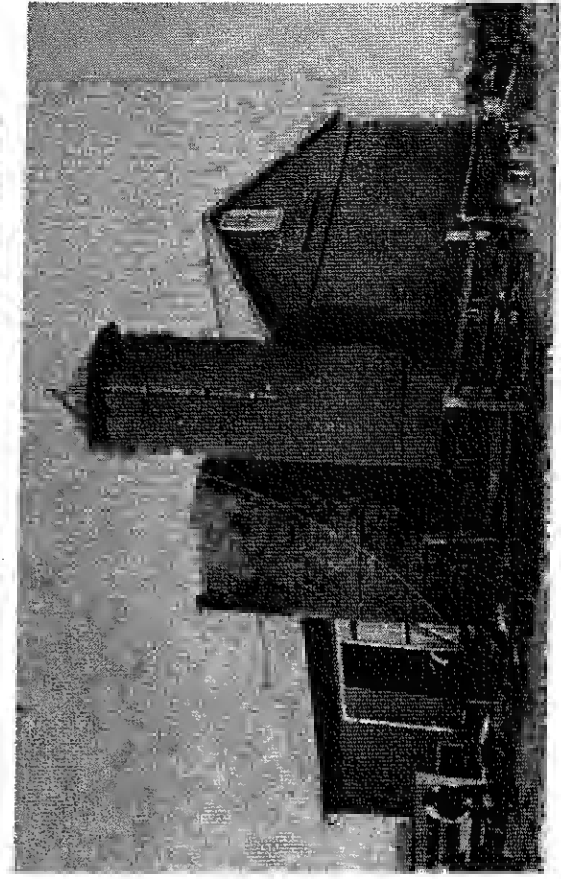
Clarence



Edward, Mary, Mother, Clarence



Farm buildings viewed from the North Road

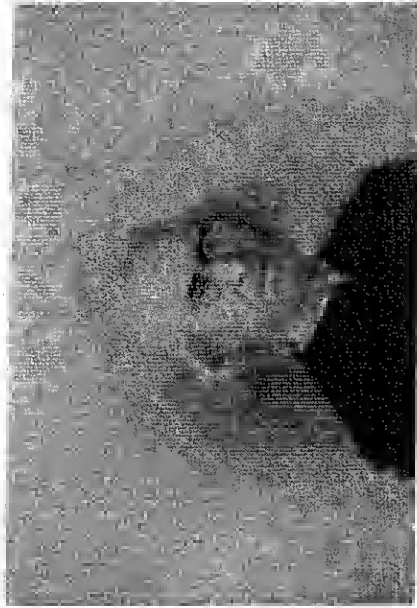


Dismantling the old silos about 1928



Church Exterior

# ST. PETERS CHURCH

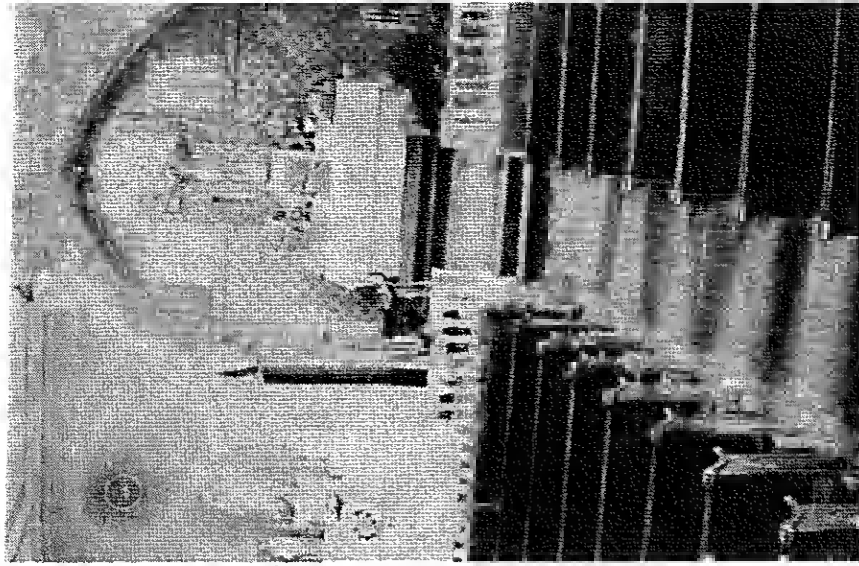


Fr. Lindesmith

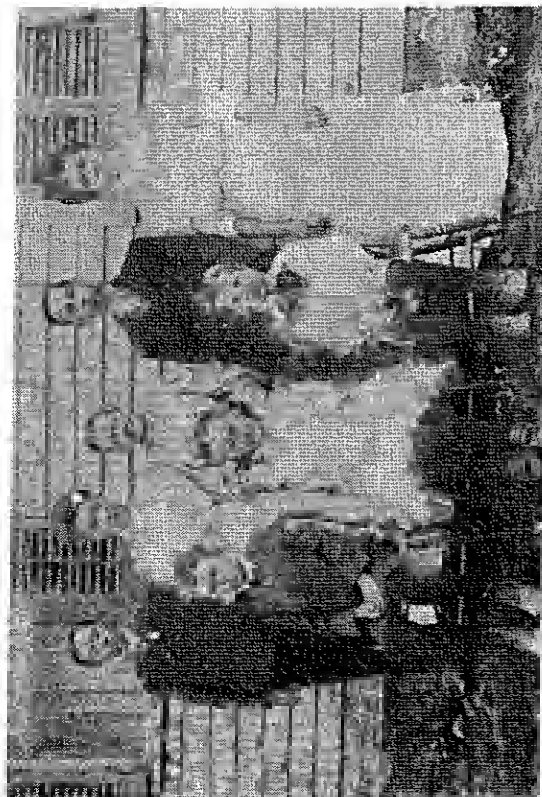


1st Model "T"

Edward, Albert, Clarence, Mary, Mother, Ernest



Church Interior



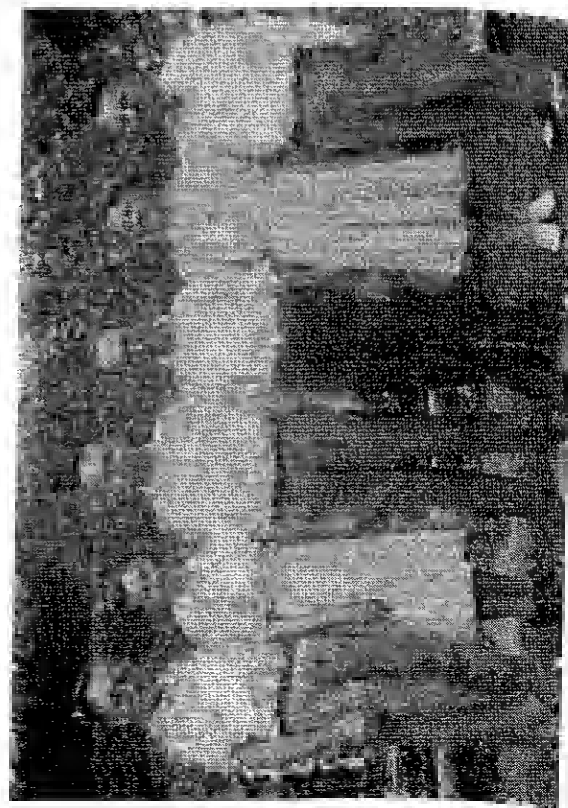
1908

Albert, Grace, Mother, Ernest, Gertrude  
Edward, Mary, Clarence



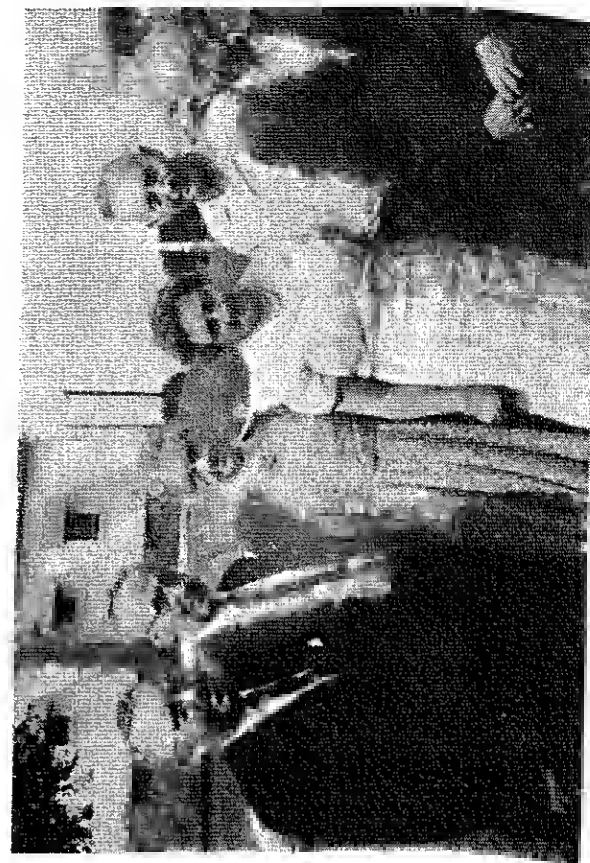
1915

Clarence, Mary, Gertrude, Edward  
Ernest, Mother, Grace, Albert



1940

Clarence, Mary, Albert, Ernest, Gertrude, Edward



1966

Edward, Clarence, Gertrude, Mary, Albert, Ernest

# T H E F A M I L Y

## PART VI RECREATION

Spring with its whistles and popguns  
Summer "skinny-down" in the creek  
Fall with its harvest and parties  
And winter to test our physique.

### Fourth of July Picnic

It was tradition for the May and Paulus families to spend the Fourth of July evening at Grandfather and Grandmother May's home.

Usually about sixty came for the celebration. While the women completed the picnic preparations, the children played and the men pitched horse shoes or played Euchre. It was customary for one of the uncles to bring a keg of Renner's beer to sparkle the celebration.

After a bountiful meal we were all anxious for the next event. While we waited for darkness Aunt Mary May played the organ and Uncle Henry Paulus led us in singing old familiar songs. The women cleared the tables and some of the men made mysterious preparations out in the yard. Then the fireworks began. We oohed and aahed and sometimes winced with every burst of Roman candle, sky rocket, and cherry bomb. It was always an evening of fun and excitement and a most welcome break in our farm life routine.

### The Old Swimming Hole

Mangolds had built a cattle bridge across Breakneck Creek in their pasture. There was a large shade tree at each end of the bridge, and the water under the bridge was clear and inviting. However it was too deep for nonswimmers.

During the summer this was a popular gathering place for boys on Sunday afternoons. Some of the swimmers walked miles for this afternoon cooler and social hour. Between dips they would lie on the grass and listen to stories told by the older ones. Reports of these stories caused some mothers to keep their boys home. The Mangolds never bothered the boys unless they did some damage to the fences or the bridge.



### Daily Dips

Most of our so-called swimming was in the Clair Rogers' pasture where the creek came nearest our house. This spot was neither the diving place nor the Sunday afternoon social center of the Mangold swimming hole farther up the creek. However, it did give us an opportunity for a refreshing dip at the end of a dusty and sweaty day.

Usually the air would cool rapidly at sundown, so it took a degree of courage to brave the chilly water. Often, to strengthen our determination, we would wrap our clothes around a rock and pitch the bundle across the creek. With this added incentive, we proceeded with more courage.

We had always wondered if cats could swim like dogs. We found out that they could, when it was absolutely necessary. We heard that rabbits perform in a similar fashion. We are still wondering about chickens.

### Boxing

In addition to reading farm papers, Ernie also was an eager reader of boxing events. As we worked together, he enjoyed relating the details of different champions and how they had won their titles. Edward's interest was aroused and he sent to Montgomery Ward for a set of gloves, so that we might get some firsthand experience.

When the gloves arrived, we roped off a ring under an apple tree in the orchard. Word got around and soon we had several participants for the Sunday afternoon card. Also, we had plenty of spectators. To our surprise, once the gloves were tied on, the wearer became extremely cautious. Few showed any desire to have the cold leather suddenly contact his own face or middle, regardless of cheers from outside the ropes. One daring little fellow dragged the big glove behind him and, by the time he got it swung, his opponent was in another corner. Soon, by mutual consent, we put the gloves away before too many noses and feelings suffered.

### Coasting on Sand Hill

The famous Sand Hill was just beyond the school house and about a mile from our home. The road here was winding and narrow and permitted no passing of vehicles. It was boxed in with bushes and behind them grew many tall trees--beech, oak, maple, and chestnut.

When weather and snow covering were right for coasting, young people came from all directions with their assortment of sleds. A fire was built at the top of the hill and often several lanterns were hung from the higher bushes along the track.

It is important to point out that the sleds were not standardized in width. This meant that several tracks were formed in the snow with the result that, at most unexpected moments, a sled would jump from one worn track to another. This changed the sled's direction and usually produced a jolly spill.

One evening, as a group of boys and girls were pulling their sleds up the hill, they met a new face coasting down at full speed. At that moment his sled jumped from one icy groove to another and he landed in the snow-filled ditch. He proved to be the new village blacksmith who had heard of the coasting spot and had built a sled that he hoped would set a new speed record. His first spill left him surprised, but determined. He tried again with the very same results. Frequent spills were the order of the night for everyone.

Another night there were five on a bobsled, each holding the feet of the one behind. The sled reached speed and began to weave in spite of the driver's efforts to keep control. At about the third swerve the riders all slid off as a unit, sliding over the wet snow on their bottoms. A few minutes later, with backs to the fire at the top of the hill, one was heard to say, "Gee, my seat is wet."

Another track, much steeper, was in the old apple orchard on the same hill. There was a row of trees on each side of the coasting track and a sizable bump about half-way down. Coasting here was a real thriller but, due to an earlier tragedy, this hill was seldom used. At one time a young man who was coasting here hit the bump and then a tree. He lost his life. This sad event was never forgotten.

#### Play Activities

During our growing-up years we had no access to a gymnasium. However, we did enjoy a variety of stunts and exercises and some competitive sports. Chinning, push-ups, climbing, running, jumping, and walking a rail were everyday experiences. Ernie excelled in

bending over and touching the floor with the palm of his hands. Also he could run very well with a ground-covering lope. Albert enjoyed holding a broom stick with both hands, horizontally in front of him, and jumping over it both forward and backward. Several of us learned to stand on one foot, extend the arms and the other leg in a horizontal position, and slowly squat to the floor and back up. Edward was good at chinning and push-ups. Clarence enjoyed pole vaulting and was the most agile one in the family. We had a pair of stilts that each one of us used at some time. Frequently the girls joined us in these play activities.

One of our more risky stunts was to run, jump to the top of a hitching post, and balance there on one foot. Also lasso practice was a popular sport, even when we merely lassoed fence posts. Horse shoe pitching and wrestling gave us a chance to experience competition. We enjoyed all these play activities in a spontaneous way as a part of everyday living and without giving them much time.

#### Home-made Playthings

Kites. Nearly every spring we made and flew kites but not very well. The wooden ones broke easily. We made some with wire frames, but then the tail was too hard to manage. Once we made a box kite and flew it very well. However, when it was high in the air the string (carpet warp) broke. By the time we found our kite a mile away the wind had calmed and so had our enthusiasm.

Spring Gun. We made spring guns from a piece of elder about eight inches long and a discarded corset stay. The elder, with the pith pushed out, served as the gun barrel and the stay served as the spring.

To make this gun, we measured back three inches from the intended muzzle end. Then, for the next two inches, we cut away the upper side of the barrel to a point which exposed the opening where the pith had been. We slipped the stay or spring through this opening into the handle end of the gun, leaving several inches of the spring extended to form a loop. The loop was formed by bending the spring upward and then bringing the end around and down until it rested against the muzzle end of the cut away section.

To cock the gun, the loop end of the spring was drawn back as far as it would go. It would hold this position. Next the ammunition, a small stick or piece of gravel, was pushed in the muzzle end. Now a slight touch on the loop would send the "bullet" twenty feet or more. Our biggest thrill was shooting a match, head first, at a hot stove and seeing it ignite when it hit. You can be sure this called for supervision.

Popgun. Another toy was the popgun. To make it, we hollowed out a thick-walled piece of elder and smoothed the inside from end to end. A paper wad pushed into the muzzle end served as a "bullet". A second paper wad was stuck into the other end and pushed through the barrel with a stick. The compressed air forced out the front wad with a pop - and the closer the fit of the wads the louder the pop.

Spears. Nature provided all we needed for spear fights. Corn and some weeds grew tall straight stalks. In the fall after the leaves had dropped off, the stalk made an excellent light spear three to six feet long. It was fun both to aim the spears and to dodge them. We played with these spears on the spot where they were found and left them wherever they happened to land on their last flight.

We recall trying to make and use the bow and arrow, but whatever success we may have had did not leave a lasting impression. Perhaps we considered it futile to try match the prowess of the Indians with this tool.

Sling Shot. The story of David and Goliath stimulated our interest in making a sling shot. We had no problem finding an old shoe for the leather, some heavy glazed cord, and a small stone for the projectile.

From the old shoe we cut an oval-shaped piece of leather, pierced a hole in either end for the cords, and a slit in the center to form the pouch for the stone. With a whirl above the head to build up speed we could send the stone a fantastic distance. However, the speed and our lack of controlled aim made this a real weapon and too dangerous to use as a toy.

Whistles. On the farm, as everywhere, there were many signs of spring and making whistles was one of them. The willow, elm, and poplar trees with their smooth bark and the ever-ready pocket knife



were all the equipment needed. Making a whistle from these trees meant cutting off a twig six to eight inches long, cutting through the bark about two-thirds from one end, tapping this section until the bark was loose enough to twist, cutting a V-notch through the loosened bark and half-way through the wood about an inch from the end, and then carefully slipping off the loosened bark. The next step was to cut the V-notch the rest of the way through the wood. The inch-long piece removed in this way became the mouthpiece. It was necessary to slice off, lengthwise, about one-sixteenth inch to form a passage-way for the air when whistling. Slicing off more or less determined the pitch of the sound produced. Before assembling, we shortened the woody end next to the notch about two inches. This formed the resonance chamber. Then we assembled the three parts by slipping the bark back on the twig and inserting the mouthpiece. The short end of the twig where the bark had not been removed was the handle.

Once, when we used a rapidly growing chestnut sprout about a foot long, we had a trombone and could practically play the scale on it. This was our high point in whistle making.

The elder whistle was more common, because it could be made any time of the year. We simply removed the pith from a smooth piece of elder, plugged the handle end, notched the top for air escape, and placed a wooden mouth piece in the other end.

Some of us learned to stretch a blade of grass between our thumbs, blow into it and produce a shrill sound or whistle. Also, we could produce a fairly good whistling sound by blowing into the smaller end of the dandelion stem. On the whole our success with whistles was highly variable but enough so to maintain an interest from year to year.

Pushmobile. This vehicle began with an old buggy from which we had removed the body and springs. Then we fastened one end of a board (about a foot wide) to the center of the rear axle and the other end to the front axle, using the fifth wheel to allow for turning. Next we fastened a 2"x4" (one foot long) across the center of the board and drilled a one-inch hole through the center of both. In this hole we put a broom stick to serve as a steering post. We fastened a steering wheel to the upper end and drilled a hole near

the bottom. We pulled a clothesline through this hole, gave it several wraps around the post, and tied it to the front axle near the wheels, one on each side. Wooden pins, above and below the seat board, kept the steering post from sliding up and down. In use, the driver straddled the board and steered while the pusher did his work and then hopped onto the back to ride along.

The pushmobile steered surprisingly well. The light weight and the buggy-wheel bearings made it easy to push and so we had many a ride. Our visiting cousins seemed to enjoy it even more than we did.

### Tricks and Treats

As a rule Halloween was given little attention by the folks living in the Hollow. However, one year there were three bachelors living together who had a hobby of collecting old buggies until their yard was full of them. Halloween seemed to be an acceptable time to teach them a lesson in beautification.

Shortly after dark several boys sent a scout to look through a window. He saw one of the bachelors sitting there with a shotgun across his knees, but he was asleep. Quietly and quickly buggy after buggy was pulled into the road and tied behind family touring cars. One of the vehicles was a spring wagon with a barrel of freshly made cider on it. The caravan stopped at the school house and left one buggy on the roof of the coal shed. The others were taken to Randolph and left on the sidewalk between a store and the hitching rail.

Early the next morning we found an excuse to go to town. Farmers were coming in, looking amazed, and asking questions about the row of buggies. Soon the victims arrived with a horse and still another buggy and formed a train of their belongings. Before they drove off one of them said, "This must have happened late in the night because at ten o'clock I looked out and they were still there." In the darkness we must have missed a few. Later, when we saw their yard again full of old buggies, we concluded that our lesson on beautification had not been too effective.

Another prank grew out of the beautiful old custom of hanging a basket of flowers on the doorknob of a friend's house, giving a

gentle knock, and stepping out of sight. This had degenerated into presenting skunk cabbage or daisies with a loud knock on the porch. The game was to avoid being seen or getting caught.

May was corn planting time and we were usually too busy and tired to do much running after dark. Sometimes when we were visited we would chase a knock. One night we heard a suspicious commotion but didn't respond. The next day we found that our wire clothes line had been broken.

A neighbor, in his thirties, played the game with zest and vigor. One night when a young fellow came through his gate to knock on the porch, Marty was waiting with a rope loop and caught his visitor around the legs. While Marty was chuckling over his catch, the boy quickly pulled out his pocket knife, cut the rope, and took off with Marty in hot pursuit. A catch was in the making but several boys had arranged to make it a "fox relay". Marty didn't catch on and soon was tired enough to call off the chase.

Bellings were another tradition that could lead to pranks or treats. It was the custom in our neighborhood for the young people to welcome newlyweds on their first night at home by gathering around their house in the evening. The celebrators came well equipped to make noise by beating tin cans, blowing horns, ringing bells, and shouting. A most penetrating sound came from the stroke of a hammer on a large circular saw that was hung on a crowbar. The din was continued until the couple came out and treated the crowd with cigars, beer, candy, etc. Most couples welcomed and enjoyed this initiation.

#### Social Gatherings

The fifteen or so families living within a one mile radius of the Hollow had many common needs. In an earlier section we recalled their sharing labor and teams during harvest. Here we record some of their social activities. It was customary for these families to get together several times during the year for an evening party, often as a surprise to the host family. Entertainment was quite spontaneous and of such a nature that all could participate. Music, singing, games, and just plain chatting were popular with everyone. Sometimes a favorite poem was recited. Of course the climax of the

party came with the refreshments, usually a "pot luck" or "covered dish" feast. The women were always well rewarded with compliments on their special dishes.

A bit later, the Agricultural Extension Service and other farm organizations sponsored gatherings that drew people from a wider area. These events were usually held in Randolph and provided a real opportunity for people with similar interests to get acquainted and talk over their mutual concerns. These gatherings were held in the daytime and frequently included a speaker, sport competitions, picnic, and some farm and home exhibits. It was here that we tested our skill in running, high jumping, and horse-shoe pitching, as well as in the wheelbarrow race, sack race, three-legged race, etc. Prizes encouraged plenty of competitors.

Another social opportunity was the Randolph Township Fair which was held annually and attracted visitors from the entire township. Several of the Hollow people entered farm and home products for display and competition. You may recall from Part III that one year Duke and Tige made their debut here. This Fair had been held for many years and, even today, is one of the biggest in the area.

The school and its activities also provided an opportunity for social contacts. Children's programs and plays were always popular. When these were presented in the daytime few parents could come, but when presented at night the house was packed. The many one-room schools in the area were common meeting places for the younger people. Each fall a group of local young adults prepared a play on their own and presented it at the Hollow School. Usually it took two evening performances to satisfy the crowd.

After Father McGoogan came to St. Peter's Church in 1909, he scheduled regular Ice-cream Socials during the summer months. A parish orchestra, under his direction, was always on hand to entertain with music and play for dancing. People came from miles around to attend these events which served both a social need for the people and a financial need for the parish.

Box Socials were another attraction and served as effective "mixers" for the young people. These were sponsored by a school or church group for the purpose of raising small funds. The girls were

invited to prepare a box lunch for two, put their name inside the box, and no identification on the outside. The boxes were sold at auction to the highest bidder and he shared the lunch with the girl who had brought it. Getting the right box could be quite important and the bidding was often spirited as the rivals counted and re-counted their cash on hand. At one of these socials in a neighboring school, Albert was asked to serve as auctioneer. This was a new responsibility so, in order to get things going, he "sold" the first box much too low. It turned out to be the teacher's box. His face grew redder and redder with embarrassment as he realized what he had done. As a child the teacher had been a close neighbor and a classmate at the Hollow School. Her box certainly was due more consideration.

The young people in the immediate neighborhood supplemented these area, school, and church gatherings with "Bunch Meetings". Twelve or more of us would meet, by invitation, in one of our homes on Sunday evenings. We arrived as singles or as brothers and sisters but occasionally went home as dates. The evening was spent in playing such singing games as Miller Boy, Pig in the Parlor, Old Dan Tucker, Skip to my Lou, and Down the River. Also we played sitting games such as Wink, Statue, Fruit Basket Upset, Three Sisters, etc. Sometimes one of the group would play the piano or organ and the others would sing. Older boys always managed to tell a few wild and imaginary tales. The parents in the home often found partners in the group for a card game and also they furnished the refreshments. These young people never organized with officers, dues, or other requirements. However, "Bunch Meetings" played an important and satisfying role in companionship and in learning some social graces. As the older ones left the group, younger ones came in and the meetings continued for years.

When snow covered the ground the general mode of transportation was by sleigh - cutter or bobsled. Then, as now, snow brought a feeling of excitement and celebration. Sleighbells on the team and hanging from the harness produced a musical jingle that encouraged singing, clapping, and laughter. We had a good team and aimed to keep it well shod for the sleighing season. Also, we had a bobsled with flat boards along the sides for seats, straw in the bed to

keep the feet warm, and plenty of blankets. Instinctively, everyone expected a party when sleighing was good and the weather not too cold. Early evening was the best time to start off, pick up friends along the way, and unload at one of the more distant homes to get warm, play a few games, and enjoy refreshments.

#### Family Reading

When this story began, our family subscribed to *The Farm Journal*, a Catholic German paper, and possibly other periodicals. Gradually, *The Ohio Farmer*, *The Catholic Universe*, *Hoard's Dairyman*, *Pathfinder*, *National Stockman and Farmer*, *Successful Farming*, and a weekly newspaper, *The Portage County Democrat* were added to the list. We each followed our own reading interests and usually related our news to each other at mealtime or while working together. As we grew older, our reading led to many lengthy discussions and experiments.

*The National Stockman and Farmer* carried continuing stories which appealed to us. We all started to read "Bachelor Uncle," but when it became very romantic, Ernie dropped out. Other such stories that still come to mind are "The Cruise of the Blunderbuss," "The Phantom Ship's Cargo," "Fort Blocker Boys," "The Branded Oak," and "Trappers of the Ozarks." These stories all had a pioneer setting with too much danger, fighting, and suspense to read just before going to bed, but also with too much excitement to let us miss a single installment.

One story which stood out was about a rancher who, every few nights, heard a big rumpus from his cattle in the corral. With the commotion came the faint tinkle of a bell. On investigation, the rancher would find blood on the ground and a calf deeply clawed by some large cat-like animal. After weeks and weeks of suspense, the author concluded his story by relating that several years earlier, some cowboys had triple lassoed a young mountain lion and strapped a cowbell around his neck. With this mystery solved our minds were free for the next story.

Edward thoroughly enjoyed these stories, but now says that he frequently didn't get to read them when the paper was delivered and had to spend a lot of time in the attic over the buggy shed

hunting the earlier issues. The characteristic old paper odor still haunts him. To further complicate his problem, the story appeared only twice a month in a weekly publication.

It was Edward who accumulated a set of unbound detective stories that were most fascinating to read. We kept them in the summer kitchen and would spend an hour or two there unaware that time could pass so rapidly.

These stories were our introduction to Old King Brady's system of making his observations and gathering his facts. Then, when the solution seemed completely impossible, he would suddenly point his finger at the guilty one who would "cave" as the old detective clamped on the hand cuffs. With his hands behind his back, the culprit was sent to jail, tried, and then justly paid for his misdeeds to society. "Tracking the Cemetery Owl," "Into the Jaws of Death," and "The Missing Engineer" are some of the stories that still linger in our minds.

Young King Brady was the understudy who tagged along. He was confused with the evidence and surprised at the sudden solution, much like the readers. If we had read the stories in order, we might have noticed gradual progress in the young sleuth, but that was not our way. We read them as they came to us, and Young King Brady remained confused to the end.

## PART VII SPECIAL EVENTS AND HAPPENINGS

Some happenings came as needs arose  
Without much doing on our part,  
Others we had to coax and drive  
And some were failures from the start.  
But now and then ideas stirred  
The mind to tasks where needs were rife  
'Twas then we'd reckon, cut, and try  
To help uplift our mode of life

"Are You the Man of the House?"

One evening after dark, Ernie answered a knock at the kitchen door. There stood a tall stranger wearing a wide-brimmed hat and strange looking clothes. From the outside came strange sounds. Ernie held the door to a crack. "I want to see the man of the house," said the stranger as he pushed his foot into the doorway. Ernie decided not to let the door open any farther. Impatiently the man asked, "Where is the man of the house?" With boyish frankness Ernie answered, "He is right here!" as he increased his pressure on the door. "You've got my foot caught," said the man. "Get it out," said Ernie with complete firmness and confidence.

As the door slammed shut the younger brothers sprang forth to help hold it there, while Ernie turned the key. Seconds later from another room, Grace peered behind the curtain and saw the stranger walk away driving two white horses. Neighbors had conflicting reports, but we never did get the real story of this caller.

"Our House is on Fire"

One Sunday as we were finishing dinner, Mary went to the back porch and suddenly shouted, "Our house is on fire!" She began to ring the dinner bell. Clarence joined her in praying and keeping the bell going. From the yard we could see that the whole wooden shingle roof was ablaze. Quickly one ran for the ladder, one for some buckets, and another started pumping water into a tub. About that time Clair Rogers heard the bell and came running to help. He called for a horse blanket which he dipped into the tub and patch



by patch, smothered the flames. Ernie and Albert helped him with the blanket while Edward and Clara Eichler pumped the well dry. In order to get better traction on the roof, Albert pulled off his shoes. After all that running around on the roof and up and down the ladder, he found not even one hole in his socks. Was that a miracle?

The fire probably was started by a spark from the chimney while Mother was cooking dinner. The hot dry shingles were perfect fuel. Fortunately the fire stayed on the surface. The only repair needed was new shingles which our fire insurance bought and our uncles helped us lay. The insurance investigator called the fire an "Act of God" and signed the request for the shingles.

#### Thin Ice

In the pasture across the creek, the top of a felled oak tree offered some firewood for the cutting. One winter morning, Ernie and Albert took the ax and cross-cut saw and headed for the spot. The creek which they had to cross was frozen over. The ice held well for the first few steps. Then, crack! Albert's feet slid into the water and Ernie's quickly followed. The water was less than waist deep so getting out was relatively simple. However, it was cold and they were soaked to the hips. They hurried home and put on dry clothing--but to this day they feel embarrassed whenever the incident is mentioned. Country boys are supposed to know when ice is too thin.

#### "Let Me Show You How"

Each year writers in the farm papers stressed the discomforts and losses caused by chicken lice and urged at least an annual treatment. We were accustomed to using kerosene for scaly leg and Hess powder for lice but had never dipped the chickens. When finally motivated to try the recommended treatment, we bought a nicotine compound and made the proper dilution in a wash tub near the chicken house. Then came the question of technique. We needed to get through the feathers to the lice without hurting the chickens' eyes and breathing apparatus.

We began by dipping a few of the birds with the care one would use in bathing a baby but knew this wasn't the right way. As if



inspired, Grace stepped up to the tub and said, "Let me show you how to do it." Boldly she took the legs of a hen in one hand, the head in the other, and swished the befuddled thing back and forth through the solution until no dry feathers could possibly be left. When she turned it loose in the yard, the hen just lay there for a while. Then, after a lot of tumbling and stumbling, it slowly walked away. Grace admitted that she "may have been a bit too thorough on that one" but, undaunted, she called for another hen and applied her new insight. With other minor modifications, we finished the flock and were pleased with our efforts and results. This was another case of learning by doing.

Chickens also harbored mites which, unlike lice, would spend the day on the roosts and do their pestering at night when the chickens came back to the roosts. To keep mites in check, we would wrap a cloth around a stick, dip it in kerosene, light it, and follow along the roosts with the flame. At other times we would brush the roosts and roost supports with kerosene. We should have done this more often.

#### Candid Camera

As we became older, it was possible for Gertie to spend several periods of time working away from home. The boys had developed enough size and muscle to take care of the farm work and the other girls had become real helpers for Mother. On one of these occasions when Gertie was working at Poole's in Randolph, she became interested in a hobby that was most unexpected and even more delightful. She bought a box camera and the necessary equipment for home development. With her usual thoroughness, she soon learned the techniques and began making pictures of her family and friends. Many of the photographs used in telling this story are the product of her skill and perseverance. In fact, her albums encouraged the writing of these recollections. Through the years we have all been proud of her accomplishment and treasured the results of her efforts.

#### Self-winding Alarm Clock

We had a Big Ben alarm clock that Ernie kept in his bedroom. When we got into the dairy business, we had to follow a time schedule in delivering the milk. This meant getting up at five o'clock

every morning the year round. Soon, at least for Ernie, the alarm was no longer needed. Every morning at five, or before, that oldest brother would automatically wake up, dress, and call the others on his way to the barn and cows. It was a part of wisdom for the rest of us to respond without delay for a second call was not in the family program. In cold weather Ernie or Albert would start the fire in the kitchen stove before going to the barn. During the summer we helped the birds welcome daybreak by going to a nearby pasture field and bringing in the cows. Those who advocate vigorous exercise before a hearty breakfast must have spent their earlier years on a dairy farm.

#### Too Close for Comfort

At the turn of the lane near the house stood a large sweet cherry tree. The best cherries always grew on the top branches. One year when they looked particularly good, we set up the wooden extension ladder, stretched out to its limit and picked all within reach. There were still a few beauties at the very ends of the branches so Albert climbed up until he stood on the top rung, holding onto the small limbs. As he stretched for one cherry and then another that vital top rung broke and down he went to the second rung. It also broke. Fortunately the third rung held. He had a good grip on a flexible, tough limb and was able to hold his balance on that precious third rung. It was an eerie feeling to realize what an uninterrupted drop of some twenty feet to the roadbed below might have meant to life and limb. The ladder was taken down and repaired, but the rest of the cherries were left for the birds.

#### Mother Cracks Down

Our Mother found it necessary to sublet many of the daily responsibilities to the children. At the same time we all knew that she was definitely in charge. Behind her bedroom door hung a strap about a foot long. She referred to it occasionally but seldom removed it from the nail on which it hung. Its value was moral and respected by all of us. If any one of us caused it to be brought forth, he suffered more from the comments of his brothers and sisters than from the feel of the leather.

On one occasion Ernie was cultivating small corn with a walking two-horse cultivator. Edward and Albert followed with a forked stick to free the little stalks which the cultivator had covered with soil. Shortly before quitting time Mother came to the field to see how we were doing. Looking down the rows she saw that some stalks were missing. A closer inspection told her that the stalks were there but were still covered with soil. With considerable definiteness she said, "It's time to go to supper now, but right after we're coming out here and finish our work." This time, on our hands and knees, we worked until dark. We had our regrets but expressed no complaints.

Usually Mother's day was long and tiring and she would retire before the older ones. One by one, as we passed her door on the way upstairs, we stopped for our short "good night." In German we would say, "Good night, Praise be to Christ." She would answer, sometimes half asleep, "For all eternity, Good night." Then, as we went up the stairs, we blessed ourselves with holy water from a little bottle dangling from a string in the stairwell and were soon in our beds and asleep.

#### Accidents Will Happen

We decided to plant our corn in check rows to help control the weed problem. We did not have the necessary marker, so we borrowed one from John and Willie Hieber. While marking on new ground, one of the three legs caught on a root and broke off. With regret and concern we had to return it in that condition. Willie, who knew our situation, had but one comment, "Accidents will happen." His understanding made a lasting impression on us. After this experience, we got busy with our tools and some lumber and made a marker of our own.

"Accidents will happen" became a family expression often used to cover up an error or a case of plain carelessness. Someone recalled the time Grace broke a lamp chimney in cleaning and quickly cleared herself with "Accidents will happen." In the same breath she added, "Mary, go get another one."

### "Are You the Boy Who Fell Downstairs?"

Mother always slept downstairs and the rest of us slept in the three rooms and hall on the second floor. Plumbing was still on the outside, so a porcelain vessel with a smooth flaring top and side handle was kept under one of the upstairs beds, just in case.

One night Albert got a call to which the answer was under a bed in another room. Moving in the dark, he thought he felt the footboard of the right bed and felt along the side to reach under. Bang! Bang! he went over and over down the steps until his head opened the door and he landed on the first floor by the stove. What he had taken for the foot of the bed was the railing around the stairwell. Mother could find no wounds so she sent him back upstairs to bed.

The next morning as he delivered milk to the family at the end of the lane, the mother there asked, "Are you the boy who fell downstairs?" With such perfect grapevine service, what need was there for a telephone?

### Overdue

When we built our first silo, we had to dig through five to six feet of hard ground for the foundation. This called for a lot of picking and shoveling. To lessen the hand labor we borrowed a slip scraper from Philip Mangold. We hitched Duke and Tige to the scraper to bring out the loose dirt. As the hole got deeper they literally slid in and climbed out, pulling the scraper behind them. We still had to do the picking but not the shoveling.

When that job was finished, we found other uses for the scraper and then set it out of sight and out of mind. One morning weeks later when Albert picked up Mangold's milk Philip asked, "Have you got a slip scraper?" When told "Yes," he politely continued, "May I borrow it?" He might have worded his question less kindly but not more effectively. You can be sure he had his scraper before the sun went under. This experience brought home the real meaning of the Golden Rule.

### Cows in a Neighbor's Corn

Early one Monday morning in late August we were getting ready for field work. Duke and Tige were already yoked and standing in the

drive. We were surprised when Joe Heisler, our neighbor to the north, came around the corner of the barn. With a sad face and mournful tone, his greeting was, "I guess you'll have to give me one of those bulls to pay for the damage your cows did to my corn last night." What he said was all news to us.

An investigation showed that during the night a tree had fallen onto the line fence and broken the barbed wires, letting our cows through. Apparently they had trampled down more corn than they had eaten. Joe was a careful farmer and seeing his corn in such a state hurt him deeply. It hurt us, too.

To determine the amount of damage we each picked a neighbor and then they picked a third one. Together the three went over the damaged field and decided how many bushels of our corn we should deliver to Joe at husking time. The fence was repaired, the corn delivered, and good will maintained.

#### The Visiting Rooster

Liza Schumaker was a maiden lady who, for several years, lived at the end of our lane. She lived alone except when a niece stayed with her while attending the Hollow school. She was close with her money and had her own ideas for stretching a dollar, or a penny for that matter. She carried her firewood from wherever she found it, and she kept a few chickens allowing them extended privileges for boarding out.

One year Liza had a young rooster that developed the habit of eating and strutting with our flock. Chasing him away merely gave him an excuse to hurry back. Late one summer afternoon he was strutting with our flock just beyond a rail fence about fifteen rods from our barn. We had often chased him away but this time Albert picked up a flat stone and let it fly. The stone sailed beautifully down the hill between rails in the fence and straight to that rooster's head. Before the bird recovered Albert took an ax, chopped off its head, and carried him to Liza telling her the story. "I have another rooster," said Liza, "I hope you won't hit him." We could easily have had chicken dinner ourselves and still wonder why we didn't.

## A Strange Fire Alarm

The Threshers were due at our place that evening. In the hot afternoon while Albert was sweeping the granary and barn floor, a piece of something black floated in through the open door and landed on the floor beside him. It looked like a piece of burnt shingle, and he wondered whose house or barn was on fire. Checking the direction of the wind and seeing some smoke, he started toward it.

Adam Eichler's barn a mile or more away was on fire. The heat was so intense that not even a grain binder standing outside the barn could be saved. The barn was full of hay and bundles of wheat. A last few bundles were being unloaded and packed against the roof when one of the horses on the wagon stomped to chase flies. His metal shoe struck a spark on a nailhead in the floor and started the fire. In an instant flames were everywhere. Clem, who was on the wagon, succeeded in backing the team and wagon out of the barn. Will, who was in the mow, leaped some fifteen feet to the floor and escaped unhurt. Neighbors came from all sides and, by carrying water, were able to save the house and some smaller buildings.

Undaunted, the Eichlers collected their community fire insurance and planned to rebuild at once. They bought beech and maple trees from our woods for the frame. The siding and roofing came from a local dealer. Neighbors helped in many ways and the barn was rebuilt within the year.

## The Sawmill Moves In

On the Edd Laubert farm which joined ours were a goodly number of large Yellow Poplar trees. Edd had a heavy team and hauled logs and lumber for local contractors while his father and his son Paul did the farming. One year Edd and his hauling partner, Nel Bissel, set up a portable saw mill near the big trees. Help was hired to cut the trees and do the work around the mill. Edd skidded the logs to the mill and Nel operated the saw. The poplars were large --one of them measured six feet across the stump. For power Edd used his team of horses and a yoke of oxen (one of the pair mentioned in Part III). It took both teams to move these big logs.

This project interested us because it was near enough for us to hear the hum of the saw and even to smell the smoke and fresh



sawdust. When time permitted we went over to watch the mill in operation and to go along with Edd to bring in a large log. At times the mill took in custom work. It was close enough to our woods for us to skid logs in the back way rather than haul them several miles by road. The logs intended for the framing of our first silo were skidded by this back route.

We were always interested in logging operations and even added a "skipper" to our homemade toy collection. In a deeper sense we were concerned about the cutting of these majestic trees realizing they could never be replaced, at least not in our lifetime.

#### Straight Rows

Pride in workmanship showed up in unexpected places. Straight rows, furrows, fence lines, and even harrow marks seemed important to us and also to some of our neighbors. One man who had difficulty seeing, especially at close range, had the straightest corn rows in the area. Another neighbor took particular pride in keeping weeds out of his crops. In our own case Ernie insisted on going through the corn field, even after the tassels were out, to pull the last few weeds.

Our desire for straight rows no doubt raised our standards in many areas. On the other hand it dimmed our appreciation of soil losses which contour rows would have greatly lessened. For a time we even check-rowed the corn which helped in weed control but created a double erosion hazard. In those earlier years we did not fully appreciate the extent of soil loss through erosion.

#### Barn Raising

Most of the barns in the neighborhood were framed from hand-hewn morticed timbers and held together with wooden pegs. They were covered with vertical siding and painted red with white trim. The plank frame which took less timber and less hand labor was coming to use. However, a few of the old type were still being built, and it was a fascinating operation to watch. For weeks the carpenters would square the assembled logs with ax and adz, cut the mortice and tenon for the joints, and bore the holes for the wooden pegs or pins, all by hand. Then with the base sill in place they

would assemble the frame for each of the sides. When all sides were ready the neighbors would gather for the raising.

We were fortunate to observe two barn raisings of the old type, and this is how it went. The frames for each of the four sides were lying on the ground with the bottom sill resting on the foundation. The boss carpenter would line up a row of men along the side of the frame to be raised. When all was ready he would shout, "By the word He-O-He." At the second "He" the men lifted the frame to shoulder height. Then a second row of men would take over with pike poles (pole with a spike on the end). Again, at the second "He" they would raise the frame another six or eight feet. Then a third row with longer pike poles swung the frame to a vertical position. When one side was up, it was braced in place by the carpenters. The other three sides were raised in the same manner. When all were up, the corner mortices and tenons were brought together and held in place with wooden pegs. Sometimes the carpenters used the assembled help to place the rafters. When all was done, it was time to celebrate.

The skill of carpenters who could begin with green logs and, by the use of hand tools, produce a barn frame with such close measurements that mortice and tenon fitted together ready for a wooden peg to be driven into a pre-bored hole was truly remarkable. Our grandfather May was one of them.

### The Big Ditch

The neighborhood project of dredging several miles of the creek which flowed through our pasture was a major event. The new ditch was eight feet deep and sixteen feet wide in several places. It so lowered the water level that the old meandering route of the creek, with its willows along the banks and extended areas of saw grass and tadpole beds, could now be drained and used for field crops or improved pasture.

The dredge was steam driven and floated on the water behind the big dipper which did the digging. The new channel formed a waterway for bringing in the coal and other supplies needed to operate the dredge. We spent many an hour watching the monster at work while planning our next moves for taking advantage of the lowered water level and earning the \$249.00 which was our share of the cost.

### Spring Flood

Before the big ditch, and even after, spring floods covered the lower levels in the fields, pasture, and road. On one such occasion Ernie and Albert walked to the north bridge beyond which the road was flooded. A horse and buggy were coming through the water. On the buggy seat sat a middle-aged man carefully watching each step of the horse and turn of the buggy wheel probably fearing a washout. When he reached the bridge on our side he got out and saw that the water had come to within an inch of the top of his buggy bed. In all seriousness his first words were, "I said to the wife only this morning that a lot of rabbits must have drowned."

On another occasion two full grown carp fish got stranded in a low spot in our pasture when the water level dropped. Ernie, in his bare feet, had them by the tail but, like many big ones, they got away. Some of the neighbors had better luck by using a pitch fork. Since carp are scavenger fish, we probably wouldn't have used them anyway.

### "Just Tramp It Down"

One summer at haying Gertie and Ernie suffered from quinsy. Their throats were sore and their tonsils badly swollen. To them this meant a double misery, because we had some hay down that was ready to be taken into the barn. After a family conference Edward was sent to get Charlie Hostler who worked around by the day.

Soon the hay wagon was in the field moving from bunch to bunch as Charlie pitched the hay onto the wagon. Grace and Albert drove the old gray team and did what they could in loading. Charlie knew that they were too small to do much leveling and shaping of the load so, whenever he boosted a big forkful onto the wagon, he would always say, "Just tramp it down." His system worked and his expression became a part of the family vocabulary.

### Bicycle, Skunk, and Buried Clothes

For the first two summers after the death of our father Henry Knapp worked for us. Henry was in his upper teens and lived on a farm about two miles away. He had a bicycle which he rode home over the week end.

One Sunday evening on his way back, the front wheel of his bike collided with a skunk along the grassy roadside and drew an instant penetrating response. When he reached our house he put his Sunday suit and shoes into a wooden box and buried it in the garden. What a pungent reminder of the limerick:

There was a young man from the city,  
Who saw what he thought was a kitty,  
He gave it a pat, and soon after that,  
He buried his clothes, what a pity.

(author unknown)

### The Useless Bridge

When the dredge dug through our pasture it did not follow the old meandering stream but made one big loop regardless of elevation. Along most of its length the ditch with its straight sidewalls was too deep for cattle to cross or even get a drink. With pasture on both sides it seemed necessary to build a bridge. Since cows usually travel single file, we thought a width of eight feet would be plenty.

In building the bridge we used wild cherry logs for the stringers and two-inch beech and maple planks for the top. Soon we were ready for the test run. We drove the herd slowly toward the bridge, but in spite of all the influence we could muster, not one cow would even step on that bridge. We knew that cattle are fearful of all bridges. Also, we soon realized that we had failed on at least five counts: the location was not where the cows were accustomed to crossing, the newness was undisguised, the approach was too ungraded, the bridge was too narrow, and there were no protecting side rails. Even if the cattle had tried the bridge, it probably would have been too bouncy on those green springy stringers for them to have risked a second crossing. It proved to be a useless bridge. When we could stand the embarrassment no longer, we hauled it away piece by piece.

### The Last of the Swamp Oaks

Several large Swamp Oak trees grew in our pasture on land we considered of possible value for more productive purposes. One by one we cut them down for fence posts and planks and used the tops for firewood. The irregular events that went along with our cutting of these Oaks tempted us to be superstitious. One of the logs broke

the bobsled while we were loading it; the top branches of another were the firewood Ernie and Albert were after when they fell through the ice; and one pinched the cross-cut saw and did not fall for several days after Ernie and Willie Hieber had practically sawed it free from the stump. When the wind finally blew this one over, it still gripped the saw and, for good measure, gave it a kink that the blacksmith never could remove completely. Also, this was the log we were hauling when Kit broke her tie strap and ran home, tearing another piece off her blanket with every step. We never gave much consideration to the signs of the moon, but the Swamp Oak sequence made us wonder. Our failure to appreciate the beauty of these trees and the value of their shade for the cattle was the real tragedy. This we realized in later years.

#### The Majestic Elm

In a field not far from the north road stood an Elm tree. It had all the size and beauty that is the ideal for that species. From our house, as we looked toward St. Peter's Church, it appeared as an ever-present sentinel. For several years Ernie and Albert considered cutting it down, arguing that the field was never pastured and the tree was using half-an-acre of crop land. Edward always joined with Mother and the girls in favor of keeping the beautiful landmark. When tiling was extended to that field, the extensive root system presented a real problem. It was then decided that the tree must come down. We really needed the land, but our memory of that majestic Elm tells us that the price we paid for it was too high.

#### "Aren't You Putting in a Window?"

As we increased our production of wheat and oats, we needed more granary space so we built a second one adjoining the old one. We followed the same pattern of bins with removable board fronts. The ladder reaching to the haymow had hand grips of special design. Also, the door had a special hinge arrangement causing it to swing up when opened. This meant it would clear any hay or chaff on the barn floor. We were well pleased with our construction. About this time an experienced carpenter came along, examined our handiwork, and then asked, "Aren't you putting in a window?" His remark was

not quite what we wanted to hear but had to admit that he was at least partly right.

We used the granary for more than grain storage. We hung our unwrapped smoked hams from the ceiling joists. For added protection we placed a tin plate on the wire hook between the ham and joist. The hams kept perfectly with the exception of an occasional slight surface mold. This ham storage was our main reason for not putting a window in the granary. Later we used one of the bins for storing purchased cow feed. For convenience we built a large chute from this bin to the feed alley in the front of the cows on the floor below.

#### Gross Misjudgment

When we graded our lane, we wanted to cover the surface with cinders, that smooth black covering we had seen and admired in other drives. When we learned that cinders were free at the Iron Works in Ravenna, we readied two wagons with high sideboards and Clarence and Albert drove off.

Soon after starting to load the wagons, they noticed small chunks of iron mixed with the cinders, but they kept on shoveling until both wagon beds were well filled. However, before they got out of the yards they realized that they were overloaded. They had always heard that cinders were light so they pushed on, but with fading confidence.

About six miles out one wagon broke down and had to be abandoned. After another two miles the other wagon had to be left. When the boys reached home on foot driving the two teams, Ernie had several questions. The next day we unloaded both wagons and took them to the blacksmith shop for repairs. Cinders had lost their glamor. To forget the whole misfortune, we soon covered the lane with gravel. Yes, we had our bad days.

#### Pasture Renovation

As our dairy business expanded we needed more grazing for dry cows and heifers. About two miles north and west were seventy acres we were able to buy for that purpose, but we needed to clean it up. First we ditched the low spots and then cleared away the wild growth.

This required several days of hard work with well sharpened ax, scythe, and mower knives. The scythe (brush hook) and ax were used to cut briars, larger brush, and small trees ahead of the mowing machine. In the low spots wild grasses stood as tall as the horses but were much easier to cut than the short wooly growth on the higher ground. It hid rocks and old thorn apple stumps that were too low to be seen from the mower seat but high enough to catch the cutter bar.

Those little stumps were about as big and as hard as a kitchen chair leg. When a section of mower knife hit one, it sprung the section enough out of line to cut into the guard and cause a sudden dead stop. The driver had to hold operational speed yet be ready to stop on short notice. When he hit a stump, there was a bang that frequently raised the knife-head wheel as much as a foot above the ground. Then he had to release the knife section, straighten and tighten the guard, and very likely change knives. After the first day he became more proficient and more cautious. We always had a supply wagon with knife sections, hammer, chisel, rivets, guards, and a metal block to make repairs on the spot.

When finished with the mowing, we hauled the tall grasses to the higher ground and spread them to provide coverage for the growth there. The improved appearance and benefits to the pasture easily outweighed the shock and wear on the mowing machine. Labor was a minor factor since the mowing was done in late summer when work on crops and livestock was least pressing. Later we realized that had we added lime, fertilizer, and manure, along with the mowing, we probably could have doubled the returns.

#### Mumps, Ice, and Frozen Silage

The mumps epidemic of 1910 invaded Johnny Cake Hollow. One cold morning Ernie woke up with a swollen neck and dared not venture out. His case was quite severe and kept him housed for several days. In turn we all took them leaving the chores to those who were able at the time. Outside was a covering of snow and ice so complete that even Duke and Tige had trouble staying on their feet to do the necessary hauling of wood, feed, manure, etc. Horses, unless sharp shod, had to be left in the barn for fear of falling and breaking a leg.

The silage showed flakes of ice and freezing to the tile wall around the edge. Each day the frozen rim got a few inches thicker and the feeding surface that much smaller. By the end of the week the wall of frozen silage was shoulder high and about a foot thick. Then the sun came out, warmed the tile, and loosened the frozen silage. It was all we could do to get it broken up and fed before spoilage set in. As was expected, milk production went down. Such are the dairyman's hazards from extremes of temperature.

### Riding High

One summer Uncle Andrew May gave us the use of a horse for which he had no need at the time. She was a beautiful black mare of about 1400 pounds and although barely mature, was well-behaved and a pleasure to drive. At this same time Nelly, one of our mule colts, had just reached the age when she could carry a rider.

One evening at dusk, Clarence on the black mare and Albert astride Nelly went for a ride. Neither had a saddle. After trotting down the road beyond the bridge, they decided to race back. Nelly was scary of all shadows and tended to stay behind. Albert urged her on and was about to forge ahead when the black mare got too near the road bank, caught her knee on the sod, and flipped over into Clair Rogers' yard. Clarence flipped with her and landed under a tree yards away. With all this excitement Nelly stopped short, reared up, and swung around. Albert went straight through the air and settled for three backward summersaults. The quiet ride turned out to be a real thriller. However, when seeing the sizable rocks he had just missed in his unseating, Albert allowed that danger had come a bit close.

### A Dose of Their Own Medicine

Daisy and Nancy, even when only two and three years old, were a delightful team to drive. But they were colts--real live mule colts. During the winter when there was too much snow to use the manure spreader, we used the sled and spread the manure with the fork rather than let it accumulate at the barn.

One chilly day Daisy and Nancy pulled the sled to the field. Coming back they ignored the driver's efforts and set their own



speed. Such behavior was not acceptable. With the next load both Ernie and Albert did the spreading and then started back for the barn. Sure enough the young team again "took the bit" like before, but this time they were urged on and steered around in a large circle. Each time they slowed down they were reminded with a switch to keep going. When finally pulled down to a walk, they had a new respect for their driver. One treatment was all that was necessary.

#### A Call for the Vet

We had bought some lime, rented a lime drill, and were going to the field to spread it. Doll and Daisy were hitched to the drill and going down the back lane when Daisy suddenly became frightened and started to run. Doll hung back but soon caught the spirit of the chase and away they went down hill. Ernie, who was driving and walking behind the drill, was taken by surprise and unable to check them. He had to let go of the lines.

After running about a quarter mile they came to a closed gate in a newly strung barbed wire fence. Daisy, with usual mule caution, stopped short. This swung Doll into the wire fence. From the high point in the lane, Edward had a good view of the action. When we arrived at the gate all was calm. On second look we found Daisy and the harness intact, but one wheel of the drill was broken out of the frame, the wire fence was torn, and Doll was bleeding from a cut tendon just above the knee. A veterinarian from Ravenna took charge of the case. After weeks of rest and treatment Doll was again in harness but with a stiff knee which always had to be watched and spared.

#### Where is the Calf?

One summer evening when the cows came home from pasture an "expectant mother" appeared to have celebrated her big event since leaving the barn that morning. We hunted high and low but found no trace of the calf. The cow's udder told us that the calf was nursing on the sly, but where? For several days our detective work went unrewarded.

In the pasture across the creek was a patch of thickly growing wild grass, tall enough to hide a man. This was the only real hideout

in the pasture. We had explored it for three days in a row without finding a trace. Not until we followed the new mother from a safe distance would she lead us to her hiding spot in the tall grass. There we found a husky calf already wild enough to run for better cover. It took Duke and Tige, who could climb the steep banks of the creek pulling a wagon, to bring the little truant home.

#### Time Out

When Daisy, our oldest mule colt, reached the age of two, we bought three-year-old Tommy. One beautiful spring day we hitched the pair to a wagon and hauled trash to a fire near the creek. While unloading, something caused Daisy to take off. Probably it was a spark. Tommy hesitated but not for long. Albert grabbed the lines which he always kept within reach and was dragged for several rods. He had to let go when the rear wagon wheel began to scrape his head.

On went the team at a merry gallop, heading for the road and the barn. Their driver took a short cut and saw them jump over a gate, wagon and all, without breaking a thing. His closeness gave them extra speed as they made the last turn and headed for the barn. By the time they had circled the straw stack and slowed down at the barn door, they were ready to respond to Albert's "Whoa!", even if breathless.

Nothing was broken. With another bit on Daisy they all went back to continue their work.

#### "Hang Onto the Tail, Boys"

Before we began to use a potash stick on the horn buds of calves, we had to resort to dehorning. It was a gruesome and bloody operation, but still it was better than living with the horns. Usually there was a man in the community who would perform the service for a fee. He would bring his equipment and his own brand of technique. Some used a saw and some used clippers; some were self-sufficient while others wanted additional equipment and help; all wanted us to round up the cattle and have them ready. Few were equipped to handle excessive bleeding promptly and effectively. One dehorner who impressed us was quite sure of

himself. When he had the animal secured and reached for his clippers he would shout out, "Hang onto the tail, boys," and so we did.

#### Cat Snacks

Every farm had its cats and ours was no exception. They were always on hand at milking time and saw to it that someone filled their dish with warm milk. Usually they would sit on the walk behind the cows and wait. Some of them would come so close that a milker could easily squirt milk into their face. Then they licked it off and waited for more. The milker was often tempted to train the cats to open their mouths for the milk and save all the licking, but the project was never approved.

#### Too Much Cheese

As has been stated in another section, Akron became our market for whole milk. During the flush season we had the problem of surplus milk which brought a lower price. The Akron Pure Milk Co. would keep the surplus at the lower price and make butter and cheese from it or the producer could keep his surplus at home if he preferred.

In our area the dairy farmers formed a cooperative, hired a Swiss cheese maker, and turned their surplus milk into cheese. Swiss cheese requires at least six months time for curing. The co-op lacked a dependable plan for marketing and the cheese soon piled up at the plant. To help the situation Clarence and Albert set up a tent at the Randolph Township and Portage County fairs and sold the cheese. This was a new experience for both sellers and buyers but six to eight wheels of cheese (180 - 200 lbs each) found their way to family tables, slice by slice. It was surprising how practice improved both eye and hand in cutting the exact amount ordered by the customer. This enterprise didn't solve the marketing problem, but it did help.

#### Flying Hoofs

Liza Schumaker who lived at the end of our lane owned a 20-acre field about a mile west of the Hollow. We rented the field to grow a crop of wheat and then a crop of hay. In some parts the clover and timothy we had sown failed to grow. A semi-wild plant

called "Poverty" grass filled in these spots and we mowed it along with the rest of the field.

One sunny afternoon when loading hay, the loader picked up enough "Poverty" grass (which was very slippery when dry) to make a thin layer between the top and bottom half of the load. To save trips we built the load high, well above both front and rear ladders. Then Clarence and Albert started for the home barn while Ernie and Edward raked and bunched for another load.

About halfway home the top of the load began to slip to one side. Albert tried to hold the top and bottom together with his fork while Clarence drove Frank and Doll slowly across the bridge. In the meantime our young cousin, Isidore, who was spending a few days at our home, came running down the road to get a ride on the hay. He had climbed part way up the back ladder, but we had been so busy we hadn't noticed him.

The avalanche of sliding hay took Clarence along. As he landed he automatically let go of the lines. Albert with his fork was tossed wide but landed on his feet. Relieved of their driver the spirited team took off with Albert after them as fast as he could run. Isidore was still clinging to the back ladder but, as the team turned into the lane at a full gallop, the frightened boy and his ladder and the rest of the hay flew over the board fence into the orchard. Speeding past the house and corncrib the wagon lost a back wheel. On past the barn and down the pasture lane went the team. The front edge of the hayrack hit a fence post and the team went on with only the two front wheels. Soon they came to the closed pasture gate and stopped.

When Albert, breathless, reached the horses, they had calmed down and were still hitched to their "chariot". He drove them back to the barn. Soon Clarence came along and together they readied another wagon. Giving no attention to the spilled hay, scattered wagon parts, and cousin Isidore they hurried back to the field. Ernie's immediate comment, "What took you so long?"

After supper we made two loads of the spilled hay and hauled it into the barn. The wagon and hayrack needed repairing. Frank and Doll acquired no bad habit from their moments of freedom.

### Frogging

Snakes and other animals must have kept the local frogs from becoming numerous or large in size. However, there were enough of them to attract our attention. Catching a live frog with bare hands was about as easy as catching a fly. Too many got away. Although difficult to catch, frogs did have a rather dependable pattern of behavior. When disturbed from their fly-catching position on the bank, they would jump into the creek, swim toward the shore, and park themselves on the creek floor six to ten inches under water. When the water was clear, that was not a good place to hide.

We prepared ourselves for the frog hunt by placing three or four sharpened wires in the end of an old fence picket about four feet long. With it we could walk along the bank, watch the frogs jump into the water, and harpoon them after they had parked. One Sunday afternoon the catch numbered between nineteen and forty frogs, depending on whose memory you are willing to accept. After cleaning we took them straight to the frying pan but again that operation lacked the feminine touch. Our cooking may have by-passed many of the finer points but there were no leftovers. What better evidence of success!

### Two Yards of Blacksnake

After the dredge had lowered the water level in our pasture, we drained the low spots, plowed the soil, and prepared it for corn. One of the first spots was an irregular patch of about two acres. We marked it off both ways, dropped 3 to 4 kernels of corn where the marks crossed, and covered them with a hoe.

On one side of the patch stood the trunk of an old tree. When about half through planting, someone shouted, "Look at the snake!" It was coming from the old tree and was leisurely twisting its way across the corn patch. We had seen and protected a lot of black snakes but never one of such length. While the rest backed away, Ernie armed himself with a hoe and started chopping. The snake thrashed about and the hoe handle broke. Quickly Ernie was handed another hoe. When the battle was over we measured exactly two yards of snake. After regaining our composure, planting was resumed but

with frequent glances toward the edges of the patch. We knew that some creatures move in pairs.

Shortly after the above incident, Edward and Clarence found an extra thick black snake of medium length in the cornfield near the woods. Their autopsy showed the thick middle to be twenty-six little snakes. They had to tell us that one twice.

#### Snakes in the Manure Pile

Even before we had a spreader we followed the practice of spreading manure as it was unloaded in the field. One time, however, we raked it off the wagon into piles to be spread later. When Ernie and Albert returned with their forks everything was wet and they were bare-footed. As they dug into the second pile, they exposed a loop of snake two inches or more in diameter. The length they could only imagine. Standing back for safety, they poked a fork into the loop. Results came immediately. The whole pile shook and the biggest snake they had ever seen headed for the flood water. Before they were willing to give chase in their bare feet, the snake disappeared in the water and weeds. By the time the spreading was finished, they had poked several more with the fork, but all got away. Species unknown.

#### Do Turtles Come from Eggs?

About the first time Albert was out in the field by himself plowing with old Hat and Charlie, the plow turned up small eggs that looked like chicken eggs. The spot was near the creek and far from any chickens or their eggs. In curiosity he opened one and, to his utter amazement, out popped a turtle already bigger than the shell. There must have been a dozen of them. The team moved on as usual, but Albert's mind was busy rehearsing his story to tell at the supper table and wondering who would believe him.

#### Turtle Soup

Whenever we found a snapping turtle we took it home for soup. Our neighbor Marty Huth demonstrated the first step in dressing a turtle by boldly reaching under the shell and with thumb and first finger of his bare hand pulling out the head and cutting it off with a butcher knife. We never got that brave. After removing the shell,

we cut the meat into pieces, used the bony parts for soup and fried the more meaty pieces. We never were able to distinguish the seven different kinds of meat a turtle is supposed to have, but that didn't seem to lessen the flavor at eating time.

One sizable snapper was plodding his way across the road near the north bridge just as we were coming home from St. Peters Church. He was quite large. We could lift him by the tail but not for long. Back on his feet, he politely snapped onto a stick held there to tempt him. Then while he hung on in true turtle fashion, we flipped him on his back and started for home pulling him along with the stick. Three or four rebites were enough to get him home. We didn't find many, but a turtle was always a treat for the boys.

#### Stanchions in Barn and House

Expanding the dairy required provisions for meeting the standards of cleanliness in the barn. This meant installing stanchions (loose housing came later). The dairymen we visited used stationary stanchions, but we had been reading about the swinging type that provide more freedom for the cows and wanted to try them. They were on the market but were expensive so we designed and built our own. The platform for the cows had to be long enough for comfort when lying down, yet short enough to make sure that the droppings would fall into the gutter.

In our first trial the platform was too long for the gutter to serve its intended purpose. It was made of oak planks so we kept chopping at them, little by little, until the proper length was reached. We were well pleased with our finished product and so was Uncle Frank Paulus. He requested us to help build a set for his barn. Soon we found it desirable to replace the wood with concrete for feed trough, platform, gutter, and rear walk.

Stanchions were a household topic for quite some time. We were so involved with the details of construction that we built a frame and two swinging stanchions about two feet high for play equipment. Mother frequently questioned the value of "playing ox" even when the weather kept us inside. Visitors considered the stanchions a rare toy. Probably it should have been placed in a museum for such items.

We never owned a shotgun but considered a rifle a necessity and bought a 22-caliber Stevens single shot. Its use on Butchering Day alone justified its purchase. For other uses we badly needed instruction in markmanship and in proper cleaning. Usually we carried the rifle when investigating along the creek on Sunday afternoons. In one instance some black snakes were sunning themselves on the branches in the creek. A shot rang out and one of the group insisted that he saw a snake head fly to the other side of the creek. The other snakes promptly disappeared into the water. Several times we have wondered if that observer could have seen right.

Albert managed to draw the big razz when he used a box of cartridges at different times on a woodpecker that lived in a dead tree at the edge of a corn patch. He didn't even ruffle the bird's feathers. Without knowing much about the habits and diet of woodpeckers we accused this one of uprooting some corn that had just been planted. The poor marksman partly redeemed himself when he saw two sparrows in the yard and, as they passed each other, fired one shot and got both of them. He still prefers to talk about the sparrows rather than the woodpecker.

#### Tailored Gate

When we rearranged the stable to accommodate more cows, we found need for a gate in one of the alleyways. A stairway on one side and hay or straw on the other did not leave space for a gate to swing open in the normal way. After much trial and error we built a gate that swung up, not out, to open. It was made of four boards that were four inches wide and four feet long (the width of the alleyway.) At the post end each board was held in place with a bolt, so spaced that all the boards could swing upward to almost a vertical position. At the other end, one bolt in each board hinged it to an end piece, permitting that end to move upward. The end piece was long enough to reach to the floor when the gate was closed. It was held open with a hook and kept closed by its own weight. This gate was used daily for many years without requiring further adjustment or repair.



### The Lock Stitch Sewing Needle

Keeping several sets of harness in repair called for frequent leather work. There was a harness shop in Randolph where we could get such repairs made but this required time and cash. Copper rivets could be used but this method was not satisfactory.

One day Albert went to the Shoe shop and waited for the repairman to put on half-soles and replace some broken threads. The old man was so pleased to have a boy show interest in his skill that he explained and demonstrated every step in the sewing--preparing the waxed thread, the double stitch, and the final finishing off. He even gave Albert some thread, a piece of wax, and a boar's bristle to use for a needle. When Albert got home he fastened his Grandfather May's wooden clamp to an old chair and started practicing. Thanks to Mr. Schuman we now had another needed skill within our family.

Some time later a salesman came to our home. He was well prepared for his job and gave a fascinating demonstration of sewing leather. He was selling a gadget used for this purpose. It was an awl with a handy grip, a diamond-shaped needle, and a reel for feeding the thread to the needle. In use it produced a lock stitch just like a sewing machine.

We bought the tool for about a dollar and went to work with it at once. In a short time the thing came apart so we caught up with the salesman and got a new one, but still were not happy with our purchase. The needle made a hole so large that the thread could not fill it and the exposed unwaxed thread soon raveled with use. Also, a few passes through harness rings caused the end ties to rub off and the whole lap come apart.

By then we were ready to go back to the shoemakers system and even to slip in a rivet now and then for added security. No doubt the learning experience proved worth the price of the famous lock stitcher, even though we felt that we didn't get our money's worth.

### Home Lighting

The kerosene lamp and lantern were standard equipment for lengthening the day. Also, we used candles that we made at home by pouring melted beef tallow into a six-candle mould through which strings had been drawn to serve as wicks. We placed the candles in

a metal holder that had a finger loop for carrying. Candles were handy and economical and could be carried from place to place but gave little light.

With daily practice we soon learned to do many chores without bothering to get a lantern. Even on a dark night we could go to the barn, put the right harness on the right horse, hitch it to the buggy, and drive away. On the road we depended on the horse and the sound of the wheels on the roadbed to supplement our vision.

When we saw an ad for a kerosene Mantle lamp, we ordered one. The mantle was cone-shaped, made of a lacy material, and suspended over the flame. It produced a white light that was brighter than all the lamps, lanterns, and candles on the place. We were so delighted with it that one of us almost signed up as a salesman in our community. However, after a little more use, we found that if the round wick became uneven the flame centered on its high point and deposited a lump of carbon on the mantle. Then we had to trim the wick and slowly burn the carbon off the fragile mantle. This condition developed too often. Soon the miracle lamp became such a nuisance that it was put in the attic and never brought back to use.

Several years later the Eichlers installed a carbide system but we waited for electricity near the end of the period covered in this story. Shortly after Clarence began studying Electrical Engineering at the University of Dayton, he convinced us that a home generating plant for lights and power would be a good buy. We needed power to run the Hinman milking machine, emery wheel, and fanning mill. We bought a home plant with a generator and storage batteries. The generator was powered by a single cylinder rotating-sleeve-valve Alamo engine. By charging the batteries during milking time, we were assured light as needed. This plant was used until a high tension line became available.

#### Model T Days

Our first family car was a new standard Model T Ford touring car bought in 1916 for \$360.00. The crank and choke were out in front. The gas and spark adjustment and the horn were on the steering post next to the steering wheel. The side curtains, jack, tire

pump, and innertube patches, plus a tire iron, monkey wrench, pliers, and combination spark plug and enginehead wrench were under the back seat cushion. Thus we were prepared to remove, patch, and pump tires or to remove and clean a spark plug at any spot along the country road. The country stores kept gasoline for the tank and kerosene for the side and tail lights. It is little wonder that the auto mechanic and soon the service station were born.

We were delighted with our purchase and built an eight by sixteen garage to house it. By doing the necessary servicing, adjusting, and repairing at home, we soon became acquainted with the many uses of an automobile around the farm. Clarence, who had just entered Randolph High School, was selected to take instructions and become the first driver. Ernie was not keen about doing it, Edward was attending Kent State Normal, and Albert was driving Daisy and Nancy on the road grading job. When Albert came home in November, he and Clarence became interested in some extras for the car.

The first extra was a cord that reached from the choke wire to the driver's seat. The second extra was a horn button that the driver could push with his left knee. Our car did not have a left front door. Next came a foot accelerator and a cutout for the exhaust. Later we added an exhaust heater. Before that time we had to remove the upper floor board to get engine heat into the car.

In operation the opportunities and pitfalls were many. The ten gallon gas tank was under the front seat cushion and there was no gauge to show the level of the gas. Also, there was no speedometer. This combination easily led to an empty tank at most inconvenient moments. The low fuel level was first evident going up a grade when the simple gravity system would not move the gas from the tank to the carburetor. Turning around and backing up the hill would solve the problem temporarily. Another emergency measure was to pour the kerosene from the side and tail lamps into the gas tank. If the lamp bowls were kept clean this plan usually worked.

Early one morning we took a visitor to the station to get a train. On our way home we ran out of gas so we promptly emptied the side and tail lamps into the gas tank and cranked up without trouble. For some reason we were not quite ready to start, so to save fuel,

we turned off the switch key. That was a big mistake for the engine would not start again. On that cold day one of us had to walk a mile or more for a can of gasoline before we were able to move again.

Local road conditions and low temperatures limited our use of the car in winter. When we did use it on cold days, starting was quite a ritual. We began by filling the radiator with hot water and also pouring hot water on the carburetor. Often we jacked up one rear wheel to make cranking a bit easier. The car had no battery and the antifreeze was limited to alcohol which evaporated when the engine got hot. Then we could only guess at the strength of the solution. Clarence solved the radiator freezing problem by carrying a bucket in the car and draining the radiator when he reached his destination. Then, before starting home, he poured the liquid back into the radiator. This was not a perfect solution, but it did save the radiator. Some of our neighbors filled the radiator with kerosene which did prevent freezing, but when the engine got hot-- Did you ever smell hot kerosene in a car radiator?

There was no nearby filling station or garage so our car repairs had to be made at home. Again this was a case of learning by doing and without able supervision. One spring morning on our way to Randolph we got stuck in the mud on the little hill at the Hollow School. In our see-sawing effort to get out, the low gear band gave way. The reverse band was still good so we backed home, replaced the worn bands, and then went to Randolph.

As one might expect, such home repairs would not always meet factory specifications. One cold winter morning Albert drove the car to Randolph. At a newly opened Ford garage he bought a set of piston rings and gaskets and asked for a bit of space where he could do his own installing. He worked all day without directions or supervision. About dusk he was able to crank the "now tight" motor. When almost home he heard a new noise that sounded like a geyser under the hood. Upon investigation he found that a gasket had blown and each stroke of that piston squirted a stream of water past one of the lugs on the engine head and against the hood. He drove home and drained what was left in the radiator. The next morning he replaced the engine head gasket with much more care than he had used the previous day.

On another occasion when driving in a field we failed to see a stump in the weeds and hit it, bending the crank and axle. We were able to straighten the crank there and drive home. It took a log chain and car jack to re-align the front end and get the car in running order again.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon our family went for a ride. About ten miles from home a tire went flat. We attempted to repair it but some needed item was missing from our kit - scraper, patch, cement, valve stem, pump, or who knows now - so we packed the casing with dry grass from the roadside and bumped our way home. What that ride did to the casing is no longer on mental record.

Clarence recalled the day he was sent on an errand in the Model T and brought our cousin, Augusta Volzer, home with him. Excitedly he told us that a big dog had challenged their right on the highway and unavoidably had gotten a bump. He closed his report with, "I hope it hurt him just enough to teach him a lesson." Soon Mother called us to supper. The meat happened to be weiners. Augusta looked at the meat and then at Clarence commenting, "Did you ever see it done so quickly?"

Many tales are told of the varied uses made of the Model T. A Mr. Pringle who boarded at our house while he assembled a dredge to use in another section of Breakneck Creek, hauled a 750-pound fly wheel on the back seat of his Model T. Many farmers hauled pigs and sizable calves. Clarence claims that he hauled seven cans of milk in our Model T and did it without making a scratch. It was common practice to pull a buggy or wagon with the car. Also, it was common practice to pull a car out of a mud hole with a horse or mule. At times each source of power had need for the other.

#### A Call to the Colors

When our Country entered World War I, Ernest, Albert, and Edward were old enough to register for the draft. The first call included Albert, who was sent to Camp Sherman in September 1917. Edward was called in February 1918. At the request of the local Draft Board, Ernest was exempt because of agricultural production for war needs. Clarence, still too young, tried to enlist but could not get his mother's permission.

By that time we had purchased the Grandfather May farm of one hundred forty-six acres and also a pasture of seventy acres. We has plenty of work stock and the dairy had reached a point of profitable production. Ernie, with help from Clarence who was in high school, managed the dairy and the production of feed for the cows. Soon he purchased a mechanical milker to meet the labor shortage.

After military service Albert and Edward continued their education. Ernie became a one-man dairy farmer with occasional help by the day. He sold the second farm and the extra pasture.

And so ended our life together. What happened between then and now is briefly recorded in the next and last section of this story.

## PART VIII BETWEEN THEN AND NOW

As years sped on each went his way,  
His goal to reach, his role to play.  
So now we'll take a hasty look  
To learn what pathway each one took.

We are now in the 70th year since the events in this story began. Some of the more memorable happenings during these earlier years have been recorded on the previous pages. These growing pains were but the roots for the growth which has taken place in the years that followed. Happenings have continued, older members have passed to their eternal reward, and new babies have arrived. The years have brought new and broader interests, new friendships in ever-widening circles, and new security in life careers, family groups, and spiritual commitment. These areas of change are but a few of the many facets which have exerted their influence in varying degrees.

It is not feasible to treat each family in more detail here but one cannot help wondering what happened to our generation and to those who followed. To provide at least a partial answer we have written a brief biography of the seven members of our family and their children. Also, we have made a listing of the descendants of our grandparents by parentage. The five generations listed now number 735. This information should provide a sense of direction to anyone wishing to continue this type of study.

### The Neighborhood

As we visit Johnny Cake Hollow today we find many changes intertwined with the old landmarks.. Maple Lane Farm is now owned by John and Jane Bedard, third generation relatives. They live in the old homestead with their six children. John works in town and does part-time farming. The buildings, with the exception of the woodshed and summer kitchen which were destroyed by a tornado, are still there and in good condition. The woods and adjoining field are no longer part of the farm. The low spot between the

road and the barn is now a farm pond. Several fields have been sublet for strawberry production. A recently drilled gas well provides fuel for the family.

All the area roads have been graded and black-topped, even Sand Hill where we once coasted. The "University of Johnny Cake" no longer stands. A new home has been built on this hallowed spot. Other new homes dot the area and are occupied by people who work in nearby towns. St. Peter's Church, now St. Peter of the Fields, remains a rural parish but draws its members from a much wider area. The building has been remodeled and a separate hall has been built to serve the expanding parish program.

Clara, Claude, and Clem Eichler are the only old neighbors who are still farming. The Clair Rogers girls, Gladys and Ada, live in a new home on the old Rogers farm on the diagonal road. Our other neighbors are either deceased or have moved from the area.

#### Mother

Mother remained the inspiration of our family circle through the years. She always lived at the farm home with Gertie and Ernie, shared in the joys of farm life without having the responsibility, kept in close touch with the education and the work interests of her children, and knew the happiness of being a Grandmother. When she quietly passed away at the age of 69 in 1929, she was physically weary but happy over the outcome of her major life interest, the rearing of her children.

#### Gertrude

Gertrude remained Mother's "right arm". She became an excellent cook and housekeeper and always was ready and able to help with extra home and community activities. She enjoyed having a good garden of vegetables and flowers. As Grace and Mary took their place beside Mother, Gertrude spent several years working away from home. She worked for the Bigelow family and for Judge and Mrs. Reed in Ravenna and for the Sam Poole family in Randolph, helping to care for their homes and children.

After Grace entered the convent and Mary and Albert Horning were married, Mother again needed Gertrude; she came home to stay.



She knew just when and where Mother needed help and cared for her to the end. Then she remained with Ernest on the home farm and expanded her interest in church and community work.

#### Ernest

Ernest continued with the farming and, when Mother died, bought the home place. Through his regular reading and daily experience, he became a recognized authority in dairy farming. About the middle of his one-man farming period he changed from horse and mule to tractor power. His faith in tile drainage, soil improvement, and the dairy cow were paying off for him.

When his age advanced into the seventies and he was no longer physically able to carry on the work, he sold the farm and bought a six-acre tract in St. Joseph. He built a new all-electric house on the lot nearest the church. He maintains a small garden, keeping his cane handy to make up for what he calls "a loss of leg power." Since his eyes began to fail, he has turned to TV and his rosary many times during the day and evening. He still retains his uncanny memory, especially for dates.

In this new setting Gertrude and Ernest have re-established the family home and keep the welcome mat out for their sister and brothers. Now in their eighties, they still take full advantage of their nearness to St. Joseph's Church and attend Mass daily.

A real tragedy came to Ernest in April, 1971, when he fell on a step and broke his hip. After surgery which included placing a metal plate and pin in his hip, he spent several weeks in a Revenna hospital. Now he is convalescing and receiving therapy at Little Forest Medical Center in Akron. This leaves Gertrude living alone and grateful for the daily considerations and attention from her family and friends.

No words that we can say or write,  
Nor thoughts, nor prayers however bold,  
Can fashion what we hold and owe  
Those Second Parents in our fold.

A.J.P.

## Grace

Grace decided quite early in life that some day she wanted to enter the convent. She realized her hope in 1909, at the age of seventeen, when she became Sr. Mary Crescentia of the Holy Humility of Mary Sisters, Villa Maria, Pennsylvania. She entered her new life with all the enthusiasm and vigor she had displayed so often at home.

After completing the education requirements she taught at several parochial schools in northern Ohio. She never tired of re-telling about one Christmas gift from a primary class. The little children managed to have her called from the room while they tied a live goose to her desk. Her surprise and her endless experience in plucking its feathers and preparing her gift for the Sisters' Christmas dinner made an excellent story.

We recall many delightful visits with Sister at the Villa and at her schools. At times she came home for visits. When Mother's health began to fail, she came more frequently and stayed longer. During a flu epidemic she helped care for the sick at the Villa. Then she too contracted the illness and was confined to bed. She suffered a severe heart damage from which she never recovered. She spent three years in bed, mostly in a sitting position to aid her breathing. During these years she became interested in leather work and made many salable items. She passed away in 1938, at the age of 47 and was buried at the Villa. We now know that her faith was the kind needed to live justly and joyfully while giving full measure in serving others.

## Albert

Albert was the first member of the family to enter military service in World War I. At the end of his physical examination in September, 1917, the doctor slapped him on the back saying, "You are in perfect condition." That December, after three months of vigorous training at Camp Sherman, he contracted a head cold which led to lancing of the inner ear, then to rheumatism, closely followed by a heart condition and a medical discharge marked "Total Permanent Disability", just as his company set sail for France in January, 1918.

After a brief period of hospitalization and 20 months at home with very limited activity, he was able to enter Ohio State University as a special student under the Veterans Administration. After 10 months in this special course, he was accepted for enrollment as a regular college student although he had never completed grade school or entered high school. It was necessary for him to complete 45 extra hours credit in lieu of high school credits. He graduated in 1924 with a B.S. degree in Agriculture.

While teaching Vocational Agriculture near Wooster, Ohio, he married Ella Everett, a farm girl from Sandusky, Ohio. She was a fellow graduate from Ohio State and was employed as a dietitian at Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland. A year later they both enrolled in the Graduate School at Cornell University - Ella in Child Guidance and Albert in Rural Education. In July, 1929, their first child, Mary, was born - just when her mother was one language and completion of a thesis short of her Ph.D. degree. However, this educational goal became an unimportant detail in the excitement of caring for a new baby. Albert received his Ph.D. degree from Cornell University in 1930 and joined the teaching staff in the Department of Vocational Agriculture at Clemson College, South Carolina.

Later he moved to the University of Tennessee where he continued in similar work until his retirement in 1964, ending a teaching career of exactly 40 years. In connection with his work he prepared about 45 publications covering major enterprises in farming. His work involved many speaking engagements. To strengthen and enliven these occasions he memorized a goodly number of poems and composed many more to illustrate specific ideas. Such poems became a part of his publications. At the time of his retirement he was presented with a selection of his own poems in book form titled *Observations in Rhyme*.

Albert's keen interest in the spiritual welfare of the Catholic students attending the University kept him closely associated first with Newman Club activities and, since 1969, with the new John XXIII Catholic Center on the campus. Since retirement, he has given much time to building a program of Religious Education for Catholic

children attending public school and for their parents. On May 8, 1971, in recognition of his work as a Catholic layman, he was invested in the Order of the Knights of St. Gregory the Great by appointment of His Holiness, Pope Paul VI.

Albert and Ella have three children: Mary, James, and Thomas. After the children were well along in school, Ella spent 22 years teaching physically-handicapped primary children in the Knox County school system. She retired from this work in June, 1971.

Mary, their first child, became a Sister of Mercy. She received her B.S. degree from Our Lady of Cincinnati (now Edgecliff College) and her M.S. degree in Mathematics from Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee. She is now teaching mathematics at Edgecliff College in Cincinnati. Her talent and interest in music and choral groups became evident at an early age and continue as an avocation. She misses no opportunity to make them a part of everyday living.

James received his B.S. degree in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Tennessee, along with his Military Commission of 2nd Lieutenant. During his two years with the Army he was stationed in France. After service he received his MBA degree from Xavier University. He is employed as Director, Service Technical Operation, with Mosler Safe Company. He married Suzanne Schwartz, a graduate of Edgecliff College, with a major in Chemistry. They live in Hamilton, Ohio, with their five sons: Joseph, John, Thomas, David, and William.

Thomas received his B.S. degree in Electrical Engineering from the University of Tennessee, along with his Military Commission of 2nd Lieutenant. He spent two years with the Army at Fort Bliss in Texas. He married Susan Semmes, a graduate of the University of Tennessee with a major in History. After service he returned to the University of Tennessee and joined the College of Engineering as a graduate student and instructor. He received his M.S. degree in Electrical Engineering and is nearing completion of requirements for a Ph.D. in the same field. Thomas and Sue have three children: Michael, Catherine, and Richard.

## Edward

Edward became determined, at an early age, to be a well-educated man. He entered Randolph High School in 1910, as one of 26 students, and completed the 3 year course offered there. He attended a fourth year to study subjects of special interest to him. Then he successfully passed the Ohio Elementary Teacher's Examination and was awarded a Teacher's Certificate. He spent the school year 1914-15 teaching 13 pupils at Butternut School for a total of \$336.00. The following year he taught at Brick School, having 20 pupils and receiving a salary of \$450.00 for a 9 month term. He received an additional \$2.00 a month for janitor service. He spent the summers of 1915 and 1916 at Kent State Normal and continued his studies there during the following year. He returned to teaching in 1917-18 being assigned to his home school, Johnny Cake Hollow. However, in March, 1918, he was called to the service, sent to Camp Sherman for training, and overseas in June. By August he was at the front in France and served in the Meuse Argonne offensive during October, 1918. He was selected to attend the University of Bordeaux for four months, beginning March 1, 1919. He sailed home from Brest and was discharged July 29, 1919, at Camp Sherman.

After his military service, Edward's educational pursuits continued. When not a full-time student, he attended night school. From 1919 to 1927 he sandwiched various types of employment into his busy academic life. While working in Akron he studied at Hammel Business University and Akron Law School. In November, 1923, he enlisted for three years military service and was stationed at Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. During these years he attended Central High School and Bliss College and graduated from both institutions. He then enrolled at Franklin University Law School. He received his LLB degree and passed the Ohio Bar Examination in 1930. Also he received a diploma in Accounting from the International Accountants Society after completing their correspondence courses. In April, 1927, he was employed by the City of Columbus as a stenographer. Since 1933 he has been in the City of Columbus Sinking Fund Office as clerk, assistant Secretary, and since 1947 as Secretary. He retired in 1970 after over 40 years service with the City of Columbus.

In 1942, Edward married Marie Drugan whose home was in Columbus, Ohio. She was a secretary in the State Office of Education and has maintained her interest in that field. They have one child, Ann.

After completing high school, Ann became a student at Ohio State University where she also worked as a secretary in the College of Education. She married John Roche, a highly skilled telephone technician. They live in Columbus with their three children; Michael, Danny, and Angela.

#### Mary

Mary enjoyed an uninterrupted education, graduating from Randolph High School and Kent State Normal and receiving her Teacher's Certificate. She spent several years teaching in neighborhood schools. She learned a great deal about homemaking from Mother and her sisters. She also found time for romance and, in 1919, married Albert Horning, a farm boy living near Randolph. When his father retired, Albert and Mary bought the Horning farm and equipped it to handle about 30 dairy cows. Along with the dairy they developed a sizable business of raising turkey poults and laying hens. In addition, they became widely known for their successful vegetable garden, flowers, and shrubs. (A fuller account of Mary's story is expressed in her own words as a conclusion to this section.)

Albert and Mary have eight children: Marcus, Lawrence, William, Evelyn, Andrew, Clara, Stanley, and Alice. As they grew they added significantly, each in his own way, to the success of the farming enterprises and to the many projects about the home. Then, one by one, schooling, military service, marriage, and religious life called them from the family circle. Now, with the children gone and with the difficulty in hiring dependable labor, Mary and Albert are considering retirement. Already they have sold the cows and are raising replacement heifers for neighbors. They continue their gardening and egg production and Albert helps Marcus, the only son who is farming, with his nearby dairy farm.

Albert and Mary now have 29 grandchildren. The three oldest are attending college - one at Case Western Reserve, one at Virginia Polytechnical Institute, and one at Marquette University. The next in line plans to enter Ohio State University which indicates that

this new generation, like the two before it, is following its own interests.

Marcus, their first child, worked with his father on the home farm until called to military service in World War II. He was stationed overseas and served in the Medical Corps. Following his Army discharge he entered college in Seattle, Washington, and received a B.S. degree in Accounting. While in college he met and married Marilyn Pinckston, a registered nurse living in Seattle. Somehow a career in Accounting couldn't compete with the dream of a dairy farm so Mark and Marilyn moved to Randolph, bought the old Lang farm near the Horning home, and are now operating a modern 50-cow dairy. They have five children: John, Virginia, Matthew, Douglas, and Mary Ruth.

Lawrence, like his brother Marcus, worked on the home farm until called to military service in World War II. He served in Patton's Army. He returned home by way of California and spent some time there. He met and married Gheri Glevis and they have made their home in California. For a time they conducted an Arthur Murry Dancing School together. Later, Lawrence became a manager in a department store. Gheri, following her mother's foot-steps, became a theater costume designer. (Her mother had been a designer for the Bob Hope Show.) Lawrence had an early interest in music had enjoys playing the organ.

William showed an early interest in mechanics and became skilled in welding. His military service was in Korea where he operated and repaired motor vehicles. When he returned home, he went back to his job as a welder. He now operates his own steel fabrication plant near Suffield, Ohio. William married Jean Hopper who worked in an office in Akron. They live in Monroe Falls, Ohio, with their six children: Jeanne, Mary Beth, Sheila, William Jr., J. Thomas, and Theresa.

Evelyn became a real helper to her mother and learned many home-making and food-preservation skills. Also she learned to play the piano. She graduated from Randolph High School and attended Notre Dame College in Cleveland for two years. While there she developed professional skill in sewing. Later she completed the course of study at Bohecker's Business College in Ravenna, Evelyn

married Richard Shilts, a Mechanical Engineer employed in the Sales Division of an Akron tire company. They live near St. Joseph and are leaders in St. Joseph Parish and school activities. They have seven children: Richard, Michael, Gregory, Diane, Denise, Mary Jane, and Yvonne.

Andrew, known to everyone as Andy, became "Mr. Fix-it" while still a young boy. His talent and skill for installing, repairing, and building things electrical as well as his ability in carpentry and painting added many labor-saving features to the family home and farm. After graduating from Randolph High School, he completed a course in Electronics for TV repair in Chicago. He set up his own TV repair shop at home. His military service took him to Okinawa. Upon his return to the United States, he became employed as an electrician at Standard Mold in Akron and is still with that company. He married Janet Knapp who was a secretary at St. Thomas Hospital in Akron. They live in Randolph in the old Horning home which Andy has completely modernized. They have three children: Lynn, Elizabeth, and Mary Agnes.

Clara graduated from St. Joseph's School and then entered Notre Dame Academy in Cleveland where she studied for three years. When the misfortune of a broken foot sent her home to convalesce, she enrolled at Randolph High School for her senior year. After graduation she studied typing and shorthand and became employed as a stenographer at Goodyear Rubber Company. She married Robert Franz, a skilled machinist working in Akron. They live there with their four daughters: Valerie, Debra, Laura, and Linda.

Stanley graduated from Randolph High School and then joined his father in working the farm. After a couple years he realized that farming would not be his life occupation. While visiting his brother in California, he decided to become a hair stylist. He completed a two year course in a beauty school in California. Also, during this time, he joined a Reserve Unit at Camp Roberts. Now he has his own beauty salon in Carmel, California, and employs a staff of five stylists. He married Ruth Schmaltz who formerly worked in a dentist's office. They live in Carmel with their three children: Steven, James, and Michael.



Alice graduated from Randolph High School in 1958, thus ending 30 years of PTA involvement for Albert and Mary. Alice remained at home during the following summer and then began her career in religious life by joining the Dominican Sisters at "The Elms" in Akron. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Yvonne. She received her B.S. degree in Education from St. John's College in Cleveland. She has taught in several Catholic schools in northern Ohio. At present she is studying for an advanced degree in Religious Education, teaching Religion in Barberton, and working with young girls in "Formation for Religious Life." She visits her parents regularly and frequently shares the joys of her country home with her Sisters in Religion.

#### Clarence

Clarence, like Mary, enjoyed an uninterrupted education. He graduated from Randolph High School and took his fourth year in an Akron school. Then he entered the University of Dayton, graduating in Electrical Engineering in 1923. He spent one year working in construction and then was employed by the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company. His area of concentration became electric power production. He remained with this company for 41 years until the time of his retirement in 1966. His comprehension of the problems in electric power production placed him in demand as a speaker on many professional and technical programs throughout the United States and Canada. Also his writings became prominent in many professional periodicals. His professional colleagues honored him by selecting him a Fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, the national professional organization for Electrical Engineers.

In 1930, Clarence married Alice Lang whose father operated a general store in Randolph. They bought a home in Cleveland Heights where they raised their four children: Trina, John, Merici, and David. Together they have been leaders in their church and community activities. Alice became an early member of the Christian Life Community which pioneered significant changes in the International Sodality Movement. Along with Trina, they became members of the Grail Movement and promoted it in many ways.

Following retirement Clarence served as a consultant to private electric power companies. He did considerable traveling in the United States, Mexico, and abroad. Usually Alice accompanied him. One trip was to Kuwait on the Persian Gulf and included a trip around the world. On this trip they were honored with receptions at Cairo, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Paris, and other stops by members of the world-wide Grail. Many of these young women had enjoyed hospitality at the Paulus home in Cleveland Heights. Clarence and Alice both became excellent photographers and frequently share their extensive set of slides taken on their many travels.

In the spring of 1971, Clarence developed a gall bladder condition that required surgery. After several months of apparent recovery and near normal activity, a series of complications developed. He returned to the hospital suffering from pneumonia and died there August 17, 1971. Although he had reached the age of 70 years, his vital interests and enthusiasm made his death seem most untimely.

Trina displayed an early talent for art. After graduating from Beaumont High School she went to Grailville, the U.S. headquarters for the International Grail. It was one of the pioneer Catholic lay movements of the 1940's. Later Trina graduated from Ohio State University. Her art work in sculptures and prints has reached a world market through the Grail. In recent years she has helped develop a basic education program in Egypt. Now she has returned to the United States and is working with various groups in the field of art. Also, she is helping develop a market for Egyptian weaving.

John showed an early and special interest in nature. During his high school days he kept snakes and similar wild pets in his third-floor room. He attended John Carroll University for one year and then moved to Ohio State University where he graduated with a B. S. degree in Mechanical Engineering. John is a crack marksman and has won many prizes in competition. He served two years in the Army and was stationed at Okinawa. While driving to Seattle to begin his work at Boeing Aircraft Corp., he picked up a live rattlesnake and took it with him. John married Gladys Dobitz, a farm girl from North Dakota who was working for Northwest Airlines. They have three children: Michael, Steven, and Daniel.

Merici expressed an early interest in the nursing profession. As soon as she completed high school she began her training at St. Vincent's Charity Hospital in Cleveland. After receiving her RN, she was employed in the Intensive Cardiac Care Unit of this hospital. She married Fred Kramer who has a BS degree from John Carroll University and his LLB degree from Case Western Reserve. Fred is now practicing law in Cleveland with the firm Herman, Kramer, and Fillo. Fred and Merici live in Mayfield Heights with their five children: Kathy, Debbie, Fred, Kim, and Laura.

David demonstrated an early interest in outdoor living and, as soon as possible, became active in scouting. His participation soon led to leadership, especially with the Explorer Scouts in the Cleveland area. He served as their leader on a camping trip to northern Canada and twice served as tour director of the Greater Cleveland Council on their trips to the National Camp at Philmont, New Mexico. He became Assistant District Commissioner of the Boy Scouts in Cleveland. He is employed as Building Superintendant of the American Automatic Vending Company. David married Delores Salome and they are now the proud parents of Baby Nicole.

#### Looking Back - Mary's Recollections

As second youngest of the seven Paulus children, the acute horror surrounding my father's untimely death is clouded in my memory except for vividly recalling him lying in the front parlor so still and cold. As I look back over the years, the thought that stands out most clearly is the quiet, trusting and God fearing way that my mother had in rearing her fatherless family of seven, ranging in age from six weeks to seventeen years. She was always gentle, kind and soft spoken, wasting no time in idle chatter. She had a way of allowing enough rein so each child could develop his own personality.

The opportunities on the farm were many, and numerous ideas were tried out. We always had plenty of reading matter and many ideas found there were tried, some with success; like building the silos, tiling the fields, fireless cooking and iceless refrigeration. We had plenty of wholesome recreation, most of which originated on the farm with neighbors and cousins. We had boxing matches,

gymnastics, chinning, swimming, and in the winter we coasted down Sand Hill on home-made sleds. We had an organ and I was given lessons. When I was nine years old, I played the "Bee March" in a recital at the Town Hall in Randolph. I learned enough about Music to be able to appreciate it. My brothers and sisters were always very good to me, maybe because I was "Little Mary", but I never learned to swim and bike ride as they did.

Each one seems to have carried out his choice of life work. Gertrude and Ernest were always the second parents. They kept the home going after Mother's death, and even with their retirement from the farm, they make their home feel like home for all of us.

When Grace was seventeen she joined the Holy Humility of Mary Sisters, better known to us as the "Blue Sisters" and took the name of Sister Crescentia. She taught in the area parochial schools until a flu epidemic brought her early death. I remember well the day Grace left home - I was nine and very sad. The weather was extremely cold and blustery that January 2nd when we took Grace in an open buggy to Kent where she joined the Blue Sisters missioned there. From there the Sisters took her to their Motherhouse in Villa Maria, Pennsylvania.

Edward was an avid reader especially of the *Pathfinder* magazine, working steadfastly until he had solved every riddle and puzzle. He saved me many an embarrassing moment by explaining difficult geometry theorems, and at times I astounded my classmates and teacher by correctly demonstrating, by way of the board, difficult theorems.

Clarence became an electrical engineer. He helped solve many knotty problems encountered by the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company. I recall him always as a "top-notch" student and a man of action with well-defined goals to be carried out in precise detail.

How elated Mother would have been to see Albert invested in the Order of the Knights of Saint Gregory the Great, by appointment of His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, a rare honor and reward bestowed on Catholic laymen for outstanding endeavor. The high regard the people of Knoxville have for Albert is well expressed by Father Sterling McGuire who writes that he has rightfully earned the title "Mr. Newman of Knoxville."

As for me, I completed high school and then spent two years at Kent State Normal School while living with the Frank Elgin family. There I helped look after their daughters Mildred and Alice. A third daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born during my stay there. They were a very fine family and I gained much during my stay with them. Mrs. Elgin, almost 93, is still living and gracious as ever.

After teaching several years I was married, and Albert and I have been quite content living on our 113-acre farm in Randolph. During the past 20 years we have been aware of the poisons in our earth and sky and have been using no sprays or insecticides in our garden. We had our Golden Wedding Jubilee two years ago and we are still "going strong" eating natural, unprocessed foods. Our children have all left home. Again we are by ourselves as we started out fifty-two years ago. We tried to raise our eight children to be good American citizens and hope that at least some of their grandmother's wit and quiet determination will have brushed onto them.

Mary Paulus Horning  
July 29, 1971

\* \* \* \* \*

This concludes our brief biographies of the seven members of the Paulus family. Blessed with a mother who obviously operated under Divine Guidance, they were able to develop and mature within the family circle and later take their place in their chosen vocations. As members of this family, we count it a rare blessing to have been brought up in a family where "necessity was often the mother of invention" and where Christian faith, prayer, and dependence on each other were our daily way of life.

#### A D I E U

We've traced the family story  
Given thought to soil and cow,  
We've greeted all our kinfolk  
So we'll say "Good-bye" for now.

A. J. P.  
12-8-71



## A P P E N D I X

### FAMILY STATISTICS

One by one our grandparents, uncles, and aunts passed away. The last one, Aunt Mary Rothermal Paulus, celebrated her 93rd birthday on March 6, 1970, shortly before she died. In this section we have assembled their names with date of birth and death.

#### *On the Paulus Side*

##### Grandparents

Joseph	Mar. 25, 1831	Jan. 21, 1908
Eva	Jan. 20, 1837	Aug. 14, 1906

##### Uncles and Aunts

Odelia	Nov. 1855	Nov. 23, 1908
John	Sep. 17, 1859	Mar. 7, 1901
Louis	Sep. 19, 1861	Oct. 15, 1910
Mary	Sep. 11, 1863	Apr. 1926
Henry	Sep. 8, 1867	Mar. 31, 1935
Joseph	Feb. 18, 1871	Feb. 10, 1922
Frank	Oct. 5, 1874	Dec. 10, 1950
Julia	Sep. 20, 1877	Sep. 1940

#### *On the May Side*

##### Grandparents

John	Nov. 29, 1826	Dec. 29, 1906
Mary	Dec. 4, 1830	Aug. 1, 1914

##### Uncles and Aunts

Andrew	Oct. 6, 1854	Sep. 25, 1947
John L.	June 18, 1856	Sep. 10, 1927
Clara	Apr. 29, 1860	Oct. 17, 1929
Mary	Dec. 14, 1862	Dec. 24, 1929
Abbie	Aug. 23, 1864	Mar. 16, 1952
Henry	May 17, 1866	May 16, 1917
Joseph	Nov. 23, 1867	Feb. 1914
Helen	Sep. 8, 1869	Nov. 13, 1947
Edmund	July 28, 1871	Feb. 4, 1962
Frona	June 28, 1873	Apr. 4, 1964

## *Our Family*

### Parents

John	Sep. 17, 1859	Mar. 7, 1901
Clara	Apr. 29, 1860	Oct. 17, 1929

### Brothers and Sisters

Gertrude	Feb. 1, 1884	
Ernest	Nov. 10, 1887	
Grace	July 22, 1891	Apr. 17, 1938
Albert	Dec. 8, 1893	
Edward	Mar. 26, 1896	
Mary	June 4, 1898	
Clarence	Jan. 26, 1901	Aug. 17, 1971

### COUSINS and MORE COUSINS

When this story began in 1901, our cousins numbered less than 40. During the past seventy years this number has increased to several hundred. In our desire to recognize each by name we sought the help of a willing member in each family and together prepared a complete list by parentage. We double checked the list to minimize errors and omissions. We hope our efforts will help build and maintain a close relationship among the wonderful Paulus and May kinfolk.

By way of explanation, the number before each name in the list indicates the generation. For example, our father and his brothers and sisters are all marked "1)", their children are marked "2)", and so on through five generations. Notice that all five generations just happen to be represented on the first five lines of the Paulus family list. The May family (Mother's brothers and sisters) follow the same arrangement as the Paulus family. The following page index will help locate a particular family.

<i>Paulus Family</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>May Family</i>	<i>Page</i>
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Odelia	147	Andrew	153
John	149	John L.	153
Louis	150	Clara	149
Mary	153	Mary	156
Henry	150	Abbie	158
Joseph	150	Henry	158
Frank	151	Joseph	158
Julia	152	Helen (Ella)	150
		Edmund	159
		Veronica (Frona)	161



*Descendants of Joseph and Eva Knapp Paulus*

- 1) Odelia Paulus married John Andes
- 2) Cora married Edward Schario
  - 3) Ester married Otto Meyer
    - 4) Cletus married Ruth Brown (d)
      - 5) Samuel, Cletus Jr.
    - 4) Virgil married Sally Jurliss
      - 5) William, Kent, Stephen
    - 4) Martha married Earl Zwick
      - 5) Wanda, James, Laurel, Linda, Mary
    - 4) Gerald married Rose Jordan
      - 5) Gary, Denie, Michael
    - 4) Charles married Mary Jo Siefert
      - 5) John, Mary Ann
  - 3) Hortense
  - 3) Lawrence
- 2) Frank married Minni Prishoff
  - 3) Donald married Alta Adams
    - 4) Donald Jr. (d)
  - 3) Armella married Thomas Mawhinney
    - 4) Ruth married Fred Johnson
      - 5) Barbara, Thomas, Scott
  - 3) Dolores married William Zwick
    - 4) Rose Marie married Delbert Rinard
      - 5) Rodger, Darlene, Cindy, Diane
    - 4) William Jr. married Eileen Wey
      - 5) Katherine, Edward, Charlene, Theresa, David
    - 4) Mary Lou married Maurice Bresson
      - 5) Debra, Denise, Diana, Dena
    - 4) Norma Jean married Jack Hiner
      - 5) Jack, James
    - 4) Raymond married Martha McDaniel
      - 5) Michael, Christine, Toni, Mark
    - 4) Ruth Ann married Gale Essick
      - 5) Vickie, Buddy, Brenda
    - 4) John
    - 4) Martha
  - 3) Willard married Violet Bolduce
    - 4) Beverly married Richard Paumier
      - 5) Kathleen, Debra, Rebecca
    - 4) Nancy married Paul Dittmar
      - 5) Keith, Timothy
    - 4) Robert (d)
  - 3) Stella married Sylvester Elseser
    - 4) Donald married Patricia Plumb
      - 5) Jeffrey, Jodi
    - 4) Daniel
    - 4) Jeanne married John Smith
    - 4) Ronald (d)
    - 4) Charles
    - 4) Virginia

- 2) Augusta married Francis Xavier Volzer
  - 3) Beatrice (d)
  - 3) Jerome (d)
  - 3) Geraldine married Berdell Long
    - 4) John married Patricia Cronin
      - 5) Gregory, Marcus, Robert, Stephen, Douglas
    - 4) Mary Joan married Don Silleck
      - 5) Michael, Deborah, Barbara
- 2) Alfred married Helen Bush
- 2) Leona (died at age 5)
- 2) Clotilda married Clyde Volzer
  - 3) Gertrude married John Moser
    - 4) William married Ruth Kirven
      - 5) Stephanie, Lisa, William, David, Beth, Michelle
    - 4) Elizabeth married Edward Frank
      - 5) Sharon, Shirley, Suzette, Dennis
    - 4) James married Yvonne Klink
    - 4) Thomas married Ruth Morehead
      - 5) Julieann
    - 4) Marcella married Harold Frederickson
      - 5) Michael, Patrick
    - 4) Kathlyn
  - 3) Norman married Ruth Echrote
    - 4) Jeffrey
    - 4) Charles
  - 3) Elizabeth married David Bazzo
    - 4) Mary Beth
    - 4) Peggy
    - 4) Janet
    - 4) Donna
    - 4) Tony
  - 3) Virginia - a sister in the Order of St. Joseph
  - 3) Thelma married Phillip Anderson
    - 4) Ann Marie
    - 4) Colletta
    - 4) James
    - 4) Joan
    - 4) Dennis
  - 3) Dorothy married Paul Domenico
    - 4) Paula
    - 4) Carl
  - 3) Martha married Richard Bittner
    - 4) Linda
    - 4) Patty
    - 4) Theresa
    - 4) Virginia
    - 4) Donald
    - 4) Steven
    - 4) Joey
    - 4) Rebecca
- 2) Adelaide

- 1) John Paulus married Clara May
  - 2) Gertrude
  - 2) Ernest
  - 2) Grace - Sister Crescentia, Order Humility of Mary. (d)
  - 2) Albert married Ella Everett
    - 3) Mary - Sister Albertine, Order Sisters of Mercy
    - 3) James married Suzanne Schwartz
      - 4) Joseph
      - 4) John
      - 4) Thomas
      - 4) David
      - 4) William
    - 3) Thomas married Susan Semmes
      - 4) Michael
      - 4) Catherine
      - 4) Richard
  - 2) Edward married Marie Drugan
    - 3) Ann married John Roche
      - 4) Michael
      - 4) Daniel
      - 4) Angela
  - 2) Mary married Albert Horning
    - 3) Marcus married Marilyn Pinckston
      - 4) M. John
      - 4) Virginia
      - 4) Matthew
      - 4) Douglas
      - 4) Mary Ruth
    - 3) Lawrence married Gheri Glevis
    - 3) William married Jean Hopper
      - 4) Jeanne
      - 4) Mary Beth
      - 4) Sheila
      - 4) William Jr.
      - 4) J. Thomas
      - 4) Theresa
    - 3) Evelyn married Richard Shilts
      - 4) Richard
      - 4) Michael
      - 4) Gregory
      - 4) Diane
      - 4) Denise
      - 4) Mary Jane
      - 4) Yvonne
    - 3) Andrew married Janet Knapp
      - 4) Lynn
      - 4) Elizabeth
      - 4) Mary Agnes



- 3) Clara married Robert Franze
  - 4) Valerie
  - 4) Deborah
  - 4) Laura
  - 4) Linda
- 3) Stanley married Ruth Schmaltz
  - 4) Steven
  - 4) James
  - 4) Michael
- 3) Alice - Sister Yvonne, Order St. Dominic
- 2) Clarence married Alice Lang
  - 3) Trina
  - 3) John married Gladys Dobitz
    - 4) Michael
    - 4) Steven
    - 4) Daniel
  - 3) Merici married Fredric Kramer
    - 4) Kathryn
    - 4) Deborah
    - 4) Fredric
    - 4) Kim Marie
    - 4) Laura
  - 3) David married Delores Salome
- 1) Louis Paulus married Ada Platfoot
- 1) Mary Paulus married John L. May (See May)
- 1) Henry Paulus married Ella May
- 2) Isidore - Priest in Cleveland, Ohio
- 2) Frances married Helen Derwort
  - 3) Thomas married Jean Cutrone
    - 4) Elise Marie
    - 4) Jennifer Ann
    - 4) Thomas John
    - 4) Julia Angelia
  - 3) Mary Ellen - Sister Damian, now Sister Mary Ellen, Order St. Dominic
  - 3) Joan Frances married Thomas Mills
    - 4) Stephen T.
    - 4) Michael T.
    - 4) Christopher T.
    - 4) David T.
  - 3) Donna Jean married David Henry
    - 4) Nancy Elizabeth
    - 4) Deborah Lynn
  - 3) Carol Ann
- 1) Joseph - Priest in Cleveland, Ohio

- 1) Frank married Mary Rothermel
- 2) Urban married Anna Mae Rider
  - 3) Carl married Phyllis Ryan
  - 3) Carol married Sam Borden
  - 3) Linda married Daniel Tillett
  - 3) Judy
  - 3) James
  - 3) Rita married Harry Kotkowski
    - 4) Dianne
    - 4) Joan
    - 4) Allen
    - 4) Lawrence
    - 4) Ronald
    - 4) Kevin
    - 4) Cathy
  - 3) Roy married Jeanne Nagle
    - 4) Dale
    - 4) John
    - 4) Stephen
    - 4) Bruce
    - 4) Timothy
    - 4) Wayne
    - 4) Joseph
  - 3) Glenn married Rose Raponi
    - 4) Gloria
    - 4) Carey
    - 4) Greg
  - 3) Jean married Ralph Stanley
    - 4) Debby
    - 4) Connie
    - 4) Terri
    - 4) Mary Lou
    - 4) Karen
    - 4) Ralph
  - 3) Jane married John Bedard
    - 4) Jody
    - 4) Brenda
    - 4) John
    - 4) Paul
    - 4) David
    - 4) Gary
  - 3) Ann married Phillip Wibert
    - 4) Martin
    - 4) Tammy
    - 4) Jay
  - 3) Mark married Shirley Nuspel
    - 4) Christopher
    - 4) Jeff
    - 4) Jack
  - 3) Lee married Janet Huth
- 2) Hildegard married Robert Andrews
  - 3) Robert

- 2) Herman
- 2) Agnes - Sister Rosalia, Order St. Dominic
- 2) Joseph (died at age 5)
- 2) Raymond married Letitia Fargo
  - 3) Richard married Hope Oxford
    - 4) Deborah
    - 4) Cora
    - 4) Pamela
  - 3) Phillis married Louis Pfeil
    - 4) James
    - 4) Christopher
    - 4) Joellen
  - 3) Ronald married Evelyn Brooks (d)
    - 4) Cynthia
    - 4) Michael
 Ronald remarried Margaret Ringers
    - 4) John (her son)
  - 3) Letitia Ann
  - 3) Kathleen married Orland Palmer
  - 3) Leonard married Janis Abell
  - 3) Arlene
- 2) Robert married Corine Mudd
  - 3) William married Joanne McElroy
    - 4) Julia
    - 4) Theresa
    - 4) Ralph
  - 3) Bernard married Barbara Rata
    - 4) Anthony
    - 4) Laura
  - 3) Kenneth
  - 3) Thomas
  - 3) Michael
  - 3) Charles
  - 3) Roberta
  - 3) David
  - 3) Marian
- 2) Bernard married Mary Alice Reischman
  - 3) Mary Ann married Richard Betts
  - 3) John
  - 3) Nancy
  - 3) Edward
  - 3) Susanne
  - 3) Timothy
- 1) Julia - Sister Roberta, Order of Notre Dame

*Descendants of John and Mary Arehart May*

- 1) Andrew
- 1) John L. Married Mary Paulus
  - 2) Fred married Mayme May
  - 3) Leon (d) married Irene Lang
    - 4) Lee married Betty Hesse
    - 5) David, Timothy, Danny
    - 4) Nancy married James Winkler
    - 5) Michelle, Becky
    - 4) Thomas married Barbara Misock
    - 5) Thomas
    - 4) Susan
    - 4) Kathy married David Lyons
    - 4) Samuel
    - 4) Jerry
  - 3) Rita married Raymond Kline (d)
    - 4) Carol married Donald Kehr
    - 5) Rance, John, Jackie, Robert
    - 4) Larry married Marjorie Jacobisen
    - 5) Paula, Christopher, Timothy
    - 4) Doris married John Adams
    - 4) Bruce
    - 4) Keith
  - Rita remarried John Wise
  - 3) Glen married Betty Sausaman
    - 4) Claudia
    - 4) Carla
  - 3) Mary Jane married Harold Kline
    - 4) Barbara
    - 4) Richard
    - 4) Jane
    - 4) Margie
    - 4) Ronald
    - 4) Russel
    - 4) Laurie
  - 3) Donald married Delores Lenz
    - 4) Donald
    - 4) Randy
    - 4) Joyce
    - 4) Judy
  - 3) Shirley married Raymond Rodenbaucher
    - 4) Fred
    - 4) Daniel
    - 4) David
    - 4) Gary
    - 4) Ann Marie



- 2) Cletus married Rose Farnbauch
  - 3) Helen married Edward Conley
    - 4) Martin (d)
    - 4) Martha (died young)
  - 3) Kathryn married Michael Steidl
    - 4) Daniel
    - 4) Paul (d)
    - 4) Thomas
    - 4) Michael
  - 3) John married Anna Schuster
    - 4) Robert
    - 4) Gary
    - 4) Kenneth
    - 4) Sandra
    - 4) Mary Ann
    - 4) William
  - 3) Anna married Edward Tolla
    - 4) Gregory
    - 4) David
    - 4) Leslie
    - 4) Victoria
    - 4) Rebecca
    - 4) Bonita
    - 4) Christina
    - 4) Rita
    - 4) Nicholas
  - 3) Norma married Joseph Wanchick
    - 4) Jo Ann married James Cavalet
    - 4) Amy
    - 4) Russ
    - 4) Martha
  - 3) James married Faye Crooks
    - 4) Michael
    - 4) James
    - 4) Peggy
    - 4) David
    - 4) Barbara
    - 4) Linda
  - 3) Jean married Archie Brown
    - 4) Dennis
    - 4) Donald
    - 4) Anthony
    - 4) Cathy
- 2) Josephine married Sylvan Wolf
  - 3) Colletta married Andrew Demko
    - 4) John
    - 4) Patricia married Charles Porpora
    - 5) Michael, Mark, Ann Marie, Steven
  - 3) George married Catherine Musyt
    - 4) Maria

- 3) Margaret married Herman Gardner
  - 4) Linda married John Vandeven
  - 4) Diane
  - 4) Joan
  - 4) Marie Ann
  - 4) Lisa
- 3) Raymond married Laverne Berringer
  - 4) Gary
  - 4) Debbie
- 2) Maggie married Raymond Weigand
  - 3) Rose Mary married Ernest Krasovic
    - 4) Edward married Lucy Nemchee
    - 5) Paul
    - 4) Robert
    - 4) Leonard
    - 4) Alice married John Morisah
    - 4) Arnette
  - 3) Betty married Raymond Melton
    - 4) Carol Ann
    - 4) Sharon
    - 4) David
  - 3) Mildred married George Borisuk
    - 4) Sandra
    - 4) Fred
    - 4) Susan
    - 4) Brenda
    - 4) Denise
  - 3) Martha married Charles Zagar
    - 4) Karon
    - 4) Randy
    - 4) Laura
    - 4) Jeffrey
    - 4) Pamela
  - 3) Marcella (d)
- 2) Harry married Ann Neilson (d)  
Harry remarried Janet Metzger
- 2) Louis (d)
- 2) Florence married Richard Rothermel
  - 3) Victoria married Joseph Vrabcek
    - 4) Susan
    - 4) Michael
  - 3) Richard married Joan Durbin
    - 4) Lynne
    - 4) Sharon
  - 3) William married Karen Boos
    - 4) Kara
    - 4) Robert
    - 4) Kriston
    - 4) Kyra Lyn
  - 3) Cecelia (d)

- 3) Ruth Ann married William Stephens
  - 4) Debra
  - 4) Thomas
- 3) Ronald married Joyce Yoho
  - 4) Ronda Marie
- 2) Victoria - Sister Cordilia, Order of Notre Dame
- 2) Mary - Sister Damien, Order of Notre Dame
- 1) Clara married John Paulus (see Paulus)
- 1) Mary married Louis Knapp
  - 2) Eugene (died at age 4)
  - 2) Clotilda married Paul Bissler
    - 3) Evelyn (died at age 12)
  - 2) Beatrice (d)
  - 2) Hubert married Marguerite Wise
    - 3) Francis
    - 3) Eleanor married George Martin
      - 4) Susan married Bernard Lustritz
      - 4) Ann married Thomas Baird
      - 4) Jane
      - 4) Cheryl
    - 3) Jean married Russel Casamento
      - 4) Joseph
      - 4) Michelle
      - 4) Robert (d)
      - 4) Carol
      - 4) Kathleen
      - 4) Janet
    - 3) Walter married Vera Dean
      - 4) Spencer
      - 4) John
    - 3) Richard married Frances Pruky
      - 4) David
      - 4) Jeffrey
    - 3) Margerite married William Lynce
      - 4) Michael
      - 4) Kelly
      - 4) Christopher
      - 4) Sandra
    - 3) Dennis married Cecelia Dewey
      - 4) Loren
      - 4) Bonnie

- 2) John married Florence Kline
  - 3) John Jr. married Saphie Mileski
    - 4) John J.
    - 4) Mikelann
    - 4) Marcus
    - 4) Christina
    - 4) Susan
  - 3) Donald married Virginia Horack
    - 4) Lorraine
    - 4) Mary-Elise
  - 3) Bernard married Dorothy Kelly
    - 4) Bonita
    - 4) Shawn
    - 4) Bernard
    - 4) Donna
    - 4) Donald
    - 4) Kelly
    - 4) James
  - 3) Thomas married Butcher
    - 4) Thomas
    - 4) Michael
    - 4) Richard
    - 4) Paul
    - 4) Robert
  - 3) Raymond married Joann Griggy
    - 4) Raymond
    - 4) Christopher
    - 4) Elizabeth
    - 4) Andrew
  - 3) Gary
- 2) Stella married Harry Miller
  - 3) Wilber married Dorothy Bures
    - 4) William
    - 4) John
    - 4) Diane
    - 4) Lawrence
    - 4) Michael
    - 4) Joseph
    - 4) Laura
    - 4) Julie
    - 4) Leslie
    - 4) Colleen
  - 3) Bernadette married Clell Smith
    - 4) Steven married Janet Rafferty
      - 5) Steven
    - 4) David married Agnes Kiehart
      - 5) Renea
    - 4) Michael
    - 4) Thomas
    - 4) Patrick
    - 4) John

- 3) Alma married Telford Wartko
  - 4) Patricia
  - 4) Daniel
  - 4) Constance
  - 4) Rebecca
  - 4) Lou-Ann
  - 4) Janet
  - 4) Anthony
  - 4) Andrew
- 3) Michael married Shirley Bonner
  - 4) Denise
  - 4) Mary Ann (d)
  - 4) David (d)
  - 4) Christine
- 2) Raymond (d)
- 1) Abbie married Julius Bauer
  - 2) Esther married Clarence Englehart
  - 3) Andrew married Violet Demboski
    - 4) Barbara
- 1) Henry married Kathrine Marquard
  - 2) Ruth married Leo Keleher
  - 3) Mary married Joseph Voelkel
    - 4) Richard
    - 4) Lynda
    - 4) Robert
  - 3) Andrew married Virginia Bender
    - 4) Catherine married Michael Gurley
    - 5) Brian
      - 4) Thomas
      - 4) Ann
      - 4) Michael
      - 4) Edward
- 2) Andrew married Verna Johnson
  - 3) Andrew Jr. married Barbara Andiss
    - 4) Barbara
    - 4) Andrew III
    - 4) Anthony
    - 4) Timothy
    - 4) Daniel
- 1) Joseph married Elizabeth Kline
  - 2) Agnes married Joseph Wise (d)
    - 3) Marita (died at age 12)
  - 3) Richard married Marian Mertzweiler
    - 4) Linda married Lawrence Miller
    - 4) Barbara
    - 4) Nancy
    - 4) Richard

- 3) Margaret married Norman Mayer
  - 4) Cathy
  - 4) Ann Louise married John Bamback
  - 4) Margaret
  - 4) Mary Jane
  - 4) Elaine
- 3) Claude married Phillis Vendetti
  - 4) Claudia
  - 4) Denise
  - 4) Brenda
- Agnes remarried Clarence Englehart (d)
- 2) Ralph
- 2) Henry
- 1) Helen married Henry Paulus (see Paulus)
- 1) Edmund married Veronica Rothermel
  - 2) Herman (died at age 4)
  - 2) Carl married Thelma Schneider
    - 3) Dorothy married Leo Koller
      - 4) Marian
      - 4) Charles
      - 4) Cathy
      - 4) Michael
      - 4) Elaine
      - 4) Donald
    - 3) Richard married Marilyn Bast
      - 4) Debbie
      - 4) Ricky
      - 4) Mark
      - 4) Michelle
    - 3) Kenneth married Neva Maucieri
      - 4) Christine
  - 2) Robert married Bertha Keller
    - 3) Ronald married Jean Pat Pewter
      - 4) Steve
      - 4) Margaret
  - 2) Gilbert married Florence Saylor
    - 3) Donna Jean married Terry Clarke
      - 4) Diane
    - 3) Wanda Lou married John Fleshour
      - 4) Lisa
      - 4) Daniel
      - 4) Philip
    - 3) Joanne married Andrew Davala
      - 4) Lance

- 2) Walter (d) married Matilda Vorisek
  - 3) Nancy married Thomas O'Toole
    - 4) Thomas
    - 4) Martin
    - 4) Dennis
    - 4) James
  - 3) Betty married Robert Kapel
    - 4) Jeffrey
    - 4) Laura
    - 4) Kathleen
    - 4) Gregory
- 2) Marcella married Walter Hoffman (d)
  - 3) Yvonne
  - 3) Marilyn married Ronald Karrenbauer
    - 4) Tracy
    - 4) Kathleen
    - 4) Dirk Jon
  - 3) Walter married Margie Rohr
    - 4) Brian
- 2) Arthur married Ann Troyer
  - 3) Margery married Joseph Kelly Jr.
    - 4) Joseph
    - 4) Ann Marie
    - 4) Barbara
    - 4) Linda
    - 4) Michael
  - 3) Jacqueline married John G. Wittman Jr.
    - 4) Kathleen
  - 3) Joseph
  - 3) Christine married John Chase
    - 4) Edwin
    - 4) John
  - 3) Diane
  - 3) Frederick
  - 3) Edward
- 2) Alma married Andrew Gill
  - 3) Joyce married Larry Keeton
    - 4) Jackie
    - 4) Monica
  - 3) Phyllis married Roy Renie
    - 4) Stephen
    - 4) Christine
  - 3) Beverly married Dale Worth
    - 4) Theodore
    - 4) Jeffrey
- 2) Joseph (died at age 4)

- 1) Frona married John Wise
- 2) Bernard married Nelly Fitzpatrick
- 3) Betty married Edward Kordinak
  - 4) John married Paulette Garl
  - 4) Theresa
  - 4) Louise
  - 4) Mary Jo
  - 4) Patricia
  - 4) Kathleen
  - 4) Elizabeth
- 2) Theodore married Emma Holdton (d)
- 3) Francis married Mona Czerwinski
  - 4) Richard
  - 4) Susan
  - 4) Holly
- 3) Bernard married Irene Connor
  - 4) Bernard
  - 4) Nancy
  - 4) Jeffrey
  - 4) Donna
- 2) Homer married Emily Logan
- 3) Nancy
- 2) William married Margaret Miller
  - 3) William
  - 3) John
  - 3) Susan
  - 3) Marie





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